

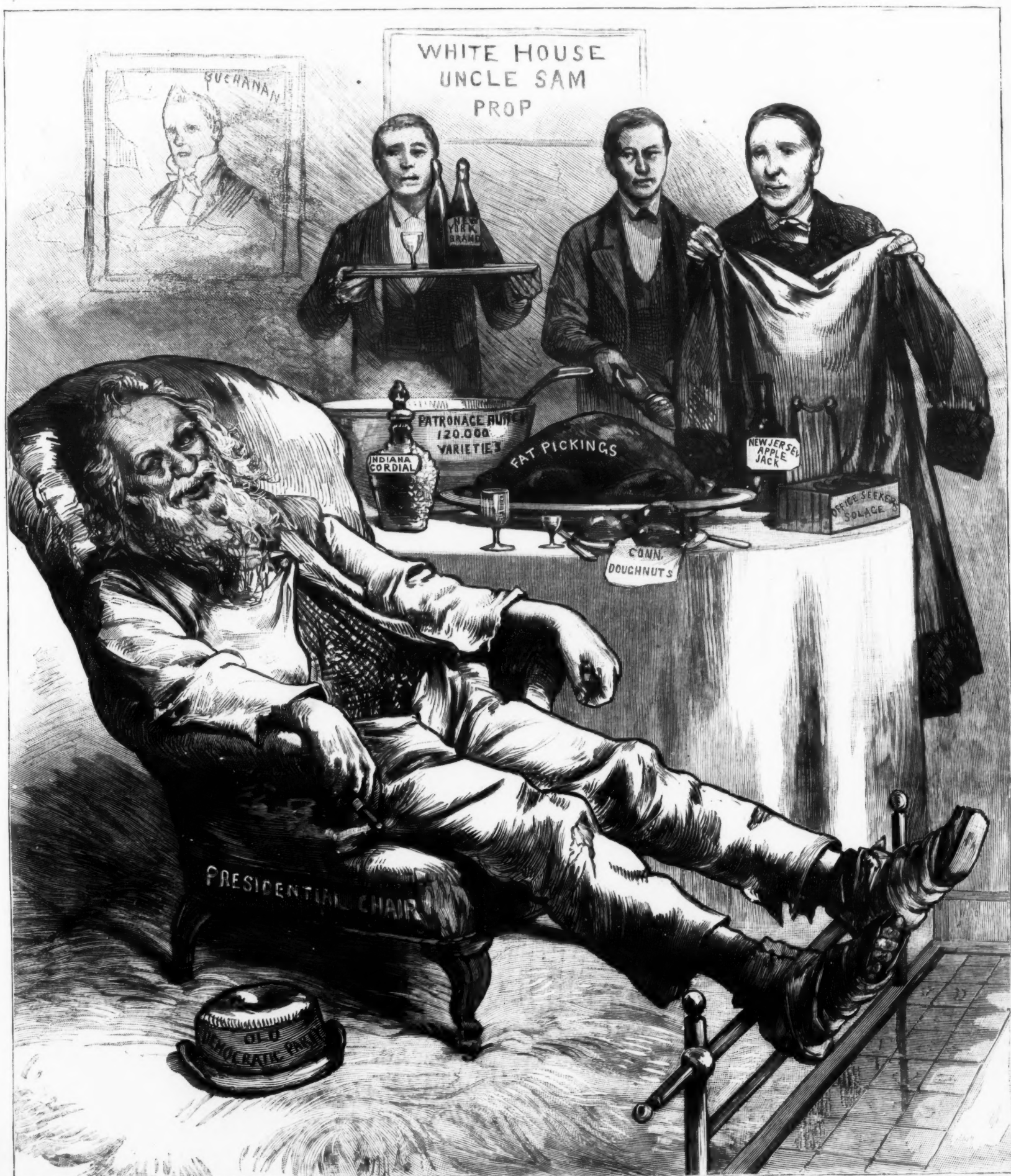
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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AT LAST!

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

GROVER CLEVELAND has been elected President of the United States. Carrying the State of New York by a majority of only one thousand, he secures 219 votes in the Electoral College. A change of 600 or 700 votes would have given Mr. Blaine 218 Electoral votes and the Presidency, 201 being necessary to elect. Thus, by the voice of a few hundred citizens, a complete revolution has taken place in the Government of the country. The Republican National Committee, it is true, still insist that the official count in New York will secure the State to their candidate; but there is no apparent ground for the claim, and we assume the result to be already finally decided.

The Democratic Party comes back to power after twenty-four years' wandering in the wilderness. It has year by year appealed to the people for an opportunity to enjoy for a short time the domination which it forfeited when two-thirds of the States upon which it relied went into rebellion against the Republic, but until now its plea has been disregarded. It has been kept in a minority nearly for a whole generation—mainly by its own blunders and follies.

Once more it takes the helm. If it would maintain its supremacy, it must remember some important things which it may be easy to forget. It must remember that times have changed in twenty-four years. It must remember that it is not the party of Jackson's or even of Buchanan's time. It must remember that, since it was driven from power by an indignant people, the population of the country has more than doubled and its wealth more than quadrupled. It must remember that the national life has been readjusted to new conditions, that new principles have been incarnated in the national Constitution and laws, and that our whole economic policy has been placed on new foundations. It must remember that it is successful now by the permission of Republicans, who changed their votes for once, not because they disliked their party, but because they distrusted its candidate, and who stand ready to return to their former allegiance at the first symptom of Democratic perversity. If the Democratic Party, in the fatuous conceit of victory, shall forget for a moment any of these things, it is doomed from the beginning.

In remembering these facts, some other things are implied. There never was, for instance, any response worth speaking of to the demand of extremists for free trade, or even for the readjustment of the tariff on the basis of free trade. So obvious was this that the "revenue tariff" cry was totally dropped, and the Morrison Bill passed by this Democratic Congress was alluded to only by those who wished to denounce it. Whatever true political economy may require, there is no doubt that Mr. Blaine's strength came largely from those who believe that a high tariff promotes industry and increases the wages of labor. Let the Democratic Party take care before it meddles with these interests or trifles with this feeling! The tariff may, indeed, be revised, *should* be revised; but modifications must regard the welfare of American labor before any other interest, if the Democratic Party would keep the breath of life in it. With the Senate Republican and likely to remain so, no dangerous aggression would be likely to succeed; but the Democratic Lower House can immediately repel all the adherents which the party has won by passing a measure similar in spirit to the Tariff Bill it passed last Winter, or by attempting to undermine the National Bank system, or by making any radical attack on our prevalent financial methods. Its safety lies in pursuing a conservative, enlightened and patriotic policy which, in all its features, shall inspire confidence and guarantee stability and prosperity to all important national interests.

Mr. Cleveland cannot do a wiser or more popular act than to plant himself squarely, in his first message, on the side of moderation and conservatism in party methods, and in opposition to the extremists who have hitherto imposed their rash counsels on a great party to its infinite harm.

THE WINTER'S PROBLEM.

THE season of the special helplessness of the helpless classes approaches. The Winter months are much the hardest for the poor; the cost of living is greatest, work is the least abundant. The duties and the problems which the relief of poverty imposes on modern society are among the most difficult and important which we are called to solve. The amount of money which is thus expended is enormous. Statistics show that the various charitable societies of the City of New York expend each year not less than \$4,000,000. London thus expends a larger sum. In the United States, it is estimated, that "for the poor, the orphans, little wanderers, insane, sick, foundlings, cripples, drunken outcasts, children" \$120,000,000 are annually spent. When to the financial cost are added the time, the intellectual and

physical strength which are thus expended and receive no pecuniary compensation, it becomes evident that the relief of poverty is a most costly undertaking.

The difficulties of this form of philanthropy are great and numerous. To distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy, to give relief which shall not be the nurse of indolence, to afford that kind of aid which is in every respect wise, these are questions always difficult to decide. It was said that of five millions of dollars recently spent in charity in Philadelphia, it was judged that fully three millions were absolutely wasted. The help did more evil than good. The writer determined a few Winters since that every application for aid made at his house he would personally investigate. Out of some ten applications only one proved worthy. The nine wanted money, or clothes, or recommendations to foster either laziness or rascality.

In solving these various difficulties and in doing charitable work, several simple principles deserve notice. Perhaps the most important is that the constant endeavor should be to render the poor and the helpless self-supporting. Help the helpless in order that they may not be helpless. Give the man in the mire not a biscuit, but a plank. Once get him out of the bog and he will earn his own bread. No aid should nurse the dependence of the one aided. It should foster and strengthen independence of labor and character. Furthermore, in many cases the need of money is less than the need of counsel. "Not alms but a friend" is the wise motto of many philanthropic societies. The dollar will relieve the transient want, the friend will help to relieve the cause which causes the want. It is never safe to give money to the stray applicant. In nine instances out of every ten the dime will within ten minutes be spent for whisky. The vagrant who pleads hunger usually feels thirst most keenly.

That philanthropic beneficence is a duty we do not question, but this duty should be performed with wisdom as well as with generosity. As a rule, we incline to the belief that all chance applications should be referred to the regularly constituted organizations for investigation. These organizations are peculiarly equipped for this important task. Most individuals cannot give that attention to the applications which they merit. These organizations, furthermore, should receive the generous support of every one who desires that the helpless classes become self-sustaining; to them he delegates by his offerings of money the work which but for their existence he ought personally to perform.

INDIANS NOT CITIZENS.

THE decision recently rendered in the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of John Elk, an Indian, against Charles Wilkins, Registrar in Omaha, for refusing to register him as a qualified voter, was adverse to the plaintiff's plea, and held that no Indian belonging to a tribe holding treaty relations with the Government of the United States could be considered a citizen without being naturalized. This ruling, however, was not acquiesced in by all the members of the court, as Justice Harlan read a long dissenting opinion in behalf of Justice Woods and himself.

Whatever may be thought of the equity or constitutionality of the judgment of the court, it will appear to many as opposed to a natural law of right and justice to deny citizenship to an educated Indian who has become separated from his tribe and has adopted the habits and modes of living of civilized men. On the other hand, it may be argued that a person who has never assumed the responsibilities of citizenship, who, though owning property, has never been taxed or paid taxes, has no right to the privileges accruing to the citizen. When, however, the Indian is willing to assume everything pertaining to a citizen, and to become even naturalized, and is refused, as is invariably the case, it is difficult to perceive how he can have such disabilities imposed upon him without injustice. Besides, the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution distinctly declares that "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside." It is true that this provision was specially intended to confer citizenship upon the negro; but the language would certainly seem to be broad enough to include the Indian as well as the person of African descent. Chinese are allowed to become citizens; why not Indians as well, when their habits and intelligence are such as to guarantee their future good behavior? When the red man, whose right to the soil of America, so far as natural right goes, is anterior and superior to all others, is doomed to remain an alien, it seems like a complete reversal of the natural order of things.

THE OPENING OF THE FRANCHISE BATTLE.

THE battle over the Franchise Bill has fairly opened in the British House of Commons. The Government having thrown over Mr. Trevelyan to the Irish Cerberus, has refused to complete the concession by throwing over Earl Spencer. Sir William Harcourt has declared that there shall be no investigation into the Maamtrasna case, in which the Irish members claim that the hanging of an innocent man was deliberately compassed by Government officials for a party purpose; and there is to be no inquiry

into the subject of Irish juries. There has been a violent debate; one Irish member has been suspended for a week.

But the Irish Party seems to be taking precautions not to let the matter rest by any means. Mr. O'Brien, of *United Ireland*, has already applied for and obtained a new trial in the case of Crown Solicitor Bolton, and this secures that the whole Maamtrasna scandal, in which Bolton is the official said to be most deeply implicated, shall be thoroughly investigated in the Dublin Four Courts. The packing of Irish juries, which appears to be carried on quite as effectively to-day, if on a different plan, as in O'Connell's time, is a fertile subject on which Irish members have been equipping themselves with piles of statistics.

It is this formidable fighting force which the Government has arrayed against itself in the Franchise debate. If the Tories rally in sufficient force and make use of this vigorous alliance, if they follow its lead in fact (for what the Tories lack most is leadership and resource, the two qualities in which the Irish Party is strongest) nothing can apparently save the Liberal Government from defeat and prevent a general election in February next.

This is how the game in which Gladstone, Salisbury and Parnell are the players now appears to stand. If things do not look very well in the Soudan, Mr. Gladstone may yet think it expedient to make a compromise with the Irish at the eleventh hour. But this does not now seem likely.

COST OF AN ELECTION.

GREAT BRITAIN supports its royal family, and pays roundly for it, but, on the other hand, our electoral system costs considerably more than that of England. The direct expense in money of the Presidential canvass this year has been between fifty and a hundred million of dollars; and, besides this, the cost in the idleness of workers and the general prostration of business has been incomputable.

It is estimated that the following sums have been paid out during the last month in this city alone:

Ticket stalls (3,560).....	\$ 17,800
17,800 ticket-men for polls.....	891,000
Saloon Fund for "heelers".....	890,000
Cost of printing tickets, etc.....	230,000
Expense of county.....	156,640
Printed circulars and stamps.....	100,000
Total.....	\$1,483,440

Almost a million and a half of dollars spent in a single city! In this we have not included the outlay of individuals for documents and newspapers and many other disbursements caused by the pending excitement.

An exposure of this evil will not put an end to it. It will not even be diminished four years from now by any protest which newspapers can make against it. It can be modified in the direction of economy by one method only: by shortening the campaign. This ought to be done by the tacit consent of all parties. There is no conceivable reason why nominations for the Presidency should be made before September 1st. In our fathers' days early nominations were imperative, for there were no telegraphs, no railroads, no steamboats, and if a man was not in the field by June his friends in a distant part of the country might not hear of the event before Election Day. It took a week for news to go from New York to Washington, a month for it to traverse the tremendous distance to New Orleans. If telegraphs or even steam locomotion had been invented, Jackson would never have fought the battle of New Orleans after peace was declared. He wrote to the Secretary of War from Mobile, and got an answer only at the end of six months!

In those days an early nomination was necessary. Not so now, when the remote settler in Oregon knows who is his party's candidate the next morning after the Convention has adjourned. Not less than five months of this year have been given up to the harassing canvass; business has been half suspended, and the days have been filled with scandal and libel, invective recrimination and exasperation—five months of agony leading up to one day's work. Our portal is too big for our house. Nothing new about either candidate was announced during September or October—not even a new lie. Enthusiasm might not rise so high in two months as in five; but that would be a clear gain. Too much enthusiasm and too little reflection is the curse of our political campaigns. Enthusiasm is the prolific mother of lies; it inflames the blood of partisans and leads to the invention of calumnies that in cool moments would never be thought of. What we need is less time for enthusiasm to do its pestilent work, and two or three extra months for men to meditate in before the Convention. Under the present long-drawn-out fever and frenzy, there is too much money spent for torches, uniforms and skyrockets, and too little time spent in seriously thinking who will make the best President. Let us try the experiment of having the next Presidential Convention in September.

IMPARTIAL JOURNALISM.

HAVING pursued a strictly impartial and non-partisan course in the late Presidential campaign, giving all parties a fair hearing in our columns, we are able now to felicitate ourselves and our readers upon the fact that no word of ours contributed to the formation of that coarse and brutal sentiment which only too largely

marked the last days of the canvass. It is all very well to be "aggressive" and "pronounced" and all that sort of thing, but it is possible to be positive without being abusive and malignant, and we must be permitted to believe that the newspaper which suffers itself to be controlled by partisan prejudice, and passion, and forgets the claims of decency and fair play, serves but poorly the interests of sound government and good morals. We have recognized the fact that both parties have some elements of good, and that if both are not dominated altogether by upright purposes, neither is hostile to the real interests of the people; and now that the contest is over, and the nation has declared its choice, we accept its decision as the result of a deliberate and enlightened judgment from which there is not, and ought not to be, any appeal. Chosen as President by a clear majority of the popular vote, Mr. Cleveland is entitled to an honest trial at the hands of all good citizens, and from us, whatever others may do, he shall have it.

THE ORANGE CULTURE.

ONE of the greatest curiosities of Florida—the wild orange grove—has probably disappeared for ever. Twenty years ago these groves were thickly scattered over the State, and especially in the neighborhood of the lakes and water-courses. How they came there no one knew; some supposed the trees were indigenous to the country, and some had a theory that the early Spaniards carried the Seville oranges with them in their travels, and, throwing away the seeds and decayed fruit, there was a growth facilitated by the soil and the climate. And, as the tree in dropping its fruit propagates itself, the immense growth that marked the Florida of our boyhood is in part accounted for. The new settlers after the War wished that the orange was of a better quality, but while there is nothing more beautiful under the sun than a wild orange grove, there is no fruit so sour, so bitter and so acrid to the taste. The Florida "bitter-sweet" is a cross between a lemon and a Havana. It makes a capital marmalade, but for the table is of no more account than the shaddock, of which it appears to be the dwarf brother. It is not to be supposed that these oranges are the legitimate descendants of the oranges brought here. They are fruit once wild, and have changed just as men and animals change under certain conditions of neglect.

But what has become of the wild groves? They are turned into sweet oranges. The orange-tree, like the apple, is of slow growth. From the seed it will take ten to fifteen years to produce fruit, and when it was discovered that Florida, above all other lands, was the land for the orange, that the fruit was of a quality elsewhere unknown, there was first a great wish to grow it under any conditions, and, second, a great desire to shorten the period of bringing it to maturity. What is wanted is a well rooted "stock," a live tree, which, having already attained its growth, will give all its strength and sustenance to any graft or bud that may be incorporated with it. It was soon discovered that there was no tree so well adapted to this process as the orange itself, and when the fact dawned upon the American intellect, the wild orange was doomed to swift destruction.

Co-existent with this movement there came upon the scene a noted manufacturer in Philadelphia, in search of citric acid and essential oils. He went into the wild orange region and offered to decapitate the trees free of cost to the owners, for the sake of the branches and fruit. He sent men down with furnaces and stills, and in a short time the region was covered with stumps, and the fair foliage was on the way to the perfumery bottles of the North. Then the owners went round with a basket and a budding-knife, and in a year there was a new start and the sweet orange became a prospective fact. To show the wonderful financial transformation thus effected, an incident may be told which came within the writer's knowledge. Some of those wild lands were purchased on one of the lakes, in all about one hundred acres, for five dollars an acre. The cutting off and grafting process was adopted, and in ten years there was a sweet orange grove which yielded the proprietors over sixty thousand dollars net income. With a profit yearly of \$600 an acre any one may cipher out that the land now is worth not less than \$6,000 an acre, a growth in value almost beyond parallel.

The product, this year, of Florida oranges is estimated at one million boxes. As they average not less than 125 to the box, we have the enormous production of 125,000,000 of oranges from a single State. It is fortunate for Florida that she possesses the only true "orange belt" east of California. That she will eventually drive out all imported fruit can scarcely be doubted. The quality of the article and its nearness to our markets will settle that matter effectually.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE press dispatches have had a great deal to say, during the past week, about Khartoum and Gordon and the Nile expedition, but after all they have failed to furnish any special news. Wolsley is pushing—or, as regards his boats, pulling—up the Nile, and Gordon is quietly waiting for him at Khartoum; such appears, notwithstanding numerous "campaign stories," to be the unchanged situation. The Government did become a little anxious, however, over the alleged capture of Gordon, and sent a message of inquiry as to the state of affairs, eliciting a prompt and reassuring reply from General Wolsley. The latest information possessed by that commander is to the effect that all is quiet in

the South. The Mahdi, with a strong force, advanced upon Amderman, opposite Khartoum, and invited General Gordon to surrender. The latter replied that he would hold the city against him for twelve years. This seems to have disheartened the rebel leader, who then retired a day's journey south, declaring he would not fight for two months. Meanwhile, at Dongola, General Wolsley furnished a first-class military spectacle by publicly investing the friendly Mudir with the insignia of Knight Commander. Ample supplies and munitions of war for the expedition have been forwarded to Dongola; and in the House of Commons last week Mr. Gladstone stated that the time and manner of the advance upon Khartoum had been left to General Gordon's discretion.

Mr. Gladstone did not move the second reading of the Franchise Bill until last Thursday. By their amendments and debates the Tories seek to delay the Bill in the House of Commons as long as possible, in the hope that it will not reach the Lords until December, and then Lord Salisbury can say there is no time to debate it before the holidays. The Conservative leaders are reported to be preparing to submit to Parliament a scheme of redistribution, on the principle of separation of the urban from the rural voters and grouping the small towns into single member-constituencies. The result of the South African debate shows that while the Ministry have no intention of abandoning any of the English possessions, it does not seek to extend the limit of control beyond the present boundaries. Bechuanaland will be taken care of, but Zululand will be neither annexed nor "protected."

The Chinese Council of State has failed to arrange for a settlement of the difficulty with France. The course of the latter Power cannot be said to indicate any special readiness to receive overtures of peace. The dispatches relative to the question of American mediation show that M. Ferry, in reply to a query of the Secretary of State at Washington, said that the minimum conditions of such mediation would be an unreserved acceptance by the Chinese Government of the treaty of Tien-Tsin, and the payment of an indemnity to France. The French Premier also announces that England has offered to mediate, but has not yet made any official overtures to the Chinese Government. Some of the Paris papers have it that France is still negotiating direct with China, while the *Journal des Debats* says the Government has contracted for the conveyance of 5,000 more troops to Tonquin. It is reported that Premier Ferry has decided upon dissolving the Chamber of Deputies in February.

Prince Bismarck is now charged with having entered into a secret agreement with France to propose to the forthcoming Congo Conference to recognize the African Association as the sovereign State of Congo, so that, under this agreement, Germany will share with France the right to purchase the territory of the association if that organization should be dissolved. Premier Ferry is said to be desirous of coming to an agreement with the African Association prior to the meeting of the Conference.

THE power of Niagara Falls is at last utilized. A telephone company in Buffalo is now operating its wires with electricity generated at the Falls, and the experiment is said to be a perfect success. There is no reason to doubt that one of these days the waste force of Niagara will be employed for a dozen important uses, and made to contribute to the convenience and comfort of millions of our population.

THE Republicans made substantial gains in Congressmen in the late election. In the present House there are 121 Republicans, 197 Democrats and three Independents, with four vacancies. In the next House, the Democrats will have 180 and the Republicans 145 members. The next Senate will probably have 41 Republicans and 35 Democrats, as against 39 Republicans and 36 Democrats in the present Senate, with one vacancy.

CLEVELAND's election seems to disprove the old law of American politics, concerning which Solomon P. Chase was superstitious, that no man whose name began with "C" can ever be President. Several good men missed it—Clayton, Clay, Calhoun, Crittenden, Cass, Clinton, Curtin, Chase—but Cleveland has hit it. But the exploits of the swarm of "B's"—Beecher, Ball and Burchard—would seem to show that ministers had better keep out of politics hereafter, especially ministers whose names begin with "B."

POSTPONEMENT of the opening of the New Orleans Exposition from the 1st to the 16th of December was rendered necessary partly by the distraction of public attention to politics and partly by the very general enlargement of buildings necessary to meet the unexpectedly large demands of exhibitors for more space. The President of the United States and the President of Mexico will both participate in the inauguration ceremonies, and public attention is now turning more and more toward the Crescent City in a way that gives large promise as to the success of the World's Fair.

THERE is more than one hint worth taking in a recent newspaper story about a gang of Italian railroad laborers. When their employers cut ten cents a day off their wages, they simply cut an inch off their shovels, saying: "Not so much a pay, not so much a dirt. All right! Job lasts more long. Italiano no fool. He no strike." The only trouble is that sometimes—though not perhaps in this country—the cutting-down process continues on both sides until the laborer has no wages at all, and only enough iron left in his shovel to turn it into a stiletto and take to brigandage for a livelihood.

PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell University, in his recent annual address to the students, took a decided stand against the senseless custom of cane rushes. He appealed to the young gentlemen to abandon further rude sport of that sort, at the same time suggesting that if his advice was not voluntarily accepted there would be found under the velvet glove of suggestion the iron hand of coercion. Judging from President White's record as the head of one of the most successful educational institutions in America, it may safely be assumed that prompt performance will follow the promise.

AMONG the latest literary discoveries is the bringing to light of the diary of Charles Dickens by the editor of his correspondence. In it he set forth, with considerable elaborateness and particularity of detail, directions as to the conduct of the *Daily News* during the time he was its editor. If not a conspicuous failure as editor of a daily journal, he was far from being a conspicuous success in that capacity. Mr. Dickens was once introduced, on the occasion of an important public dinner, as "the great reporter," and very sensibly he esteemed it as a high compliment. He was a "great reporter" in the best literary sense of the word, and just in proportion as he possessed the faculty of reporting the world and its men and women as he saw them, in graphic pen-pictures, he lacked the essential qualities of an editor. His theories of journalism, however, will be interesting to his admirers, whatever his practices

may have been in the department of work which he was the least fitted by nature or training to fill.

THE great World's Fair in New Orleans is not the only sign of growing enlightenment visible thereaway. A public sentiment forbidding the duel is increasing. "The Oaks," long the favorite dueling-grounds of the Southern metropolis, has lately been practically deserted. A month ago, a young Creole, son of a Senator, had a personal collision with the grandson of one of Napoleon's generals. Hot words were exchanged; a blow was struck; a challenge was passed—a peremptory challenge, without an "if" or "but," and admitting of no apology. They repaired to "The Oaks"; and there they unexpectedly met "a committee of the best citizens of New Orleans," who forbade the combat and compelled them to submit to arbitration. An apology was given and accepted, and the fiery youths became friends. All honor to the new dispensation!

MR. FAWCETT, the British Postmaster-general, who died at Cambridge, last week, was the model of a working statesman. A scholar, a profound economist, a reformer with lofty aims and truly unofficial zeal, he bent to the work of his office all his mind and all his energies. The British Post Office was never better administered than under him. He was steadily introducing reforms that benefited the public, and was ever studying to ameliorate the condition of his employes, among whom he was almost worshiped. Americans would have preferred that he did not fall into the mistake of arranging the present trans-Atlantic mail contract; but that was a mistake which he was already beginning to see. To young men, his career—Mr. Fawcett in his youth was rendered stone-blind by an accident—was a shining example of what perseverance, industry and rigid adherence to principle can accomplish, in spite of the most woeful obstacles. This gentle and kindly English official and Cabinet Minister was popular with all parties, and the most eloquent tribute paid his memory in the House of Commons was the speech made on behalf of the fighting Irish by Mr. Justin McCarthy.

CUPID is always inventing new tricks to compass his ends. At a recent wedding reception in South Carolina a young lawyer proposed an audacious scheme which is said to have worked charmingly. He proposed that one man in the company be elected Confidant; that he be sworn to keep secret all communications forwarded to him that night; and that each gentleman present be requested to write his name on a piece of paper, and under it the name of the lady present whom he would like to marry, and that each lady should do likewise, and hand the papers to the Confidant; and that if a lady and gentleman were found to have reciprocally named each other, the Confidant should so inform them, and keep all other expressions of choice secret. The plan was followed; ballots were handed up, and it was found that six young men and six young women had made reciprocal choices. They were so informed. A month later there were six weddings in church at the same time, and most of the gentlemen declared that their diffidence was so great that they would otherwise never have "told their love." Here is a scheme that will bear elaborating. If Belva Lockwood should not have been elected, as now appears probable, let her be chosen our National Confidant; let her be sworn by awful oaths; let her open an office and solicit the confessions of the eligible. All is not lost. An intelligent and industrious Confidant might do far more good than a commonplace President.

SOME bewildering figures as to the foreign and internal commerce of the United States are supplied by the Bureau of Statistics. The value of our foreign commerce for the year ending with June last was \$1,408,211,302, of which nearly sixty-eight per cent. was with Europe. The development of our internal commerce was even greater than the growth in our foreign trade, its real value being three times the value of the total foreign commerce of Great Britain and Ireland. For the year ending June 30th, 1883, the total value of our industrial products amounted to \$10,000,000,000, while the total value of the exports of merchandise from Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Russia in Europe, Holland, Austria, Hungary and Belgium amounted to only \$4,463,708,328. According to Mr. M. G. Mulhall, the eminent British statistician, the United States is now the largest manufacturing country on the globe, the value of its manufactured products in 1880 being, as stated by him, about \$650,000,000 in excess of the value of the products of manufacture of Great Britain during that year. Our census valuation of products of manufacture in 1880 was \$5,369,579,131. Of this amount the value of products consumed in the United States and disposed of in our internal commerce was about \$5,260,000,000. But the total value of the exports of products of manufacture from Great Britain and Ireland to all foreign countries during 1883 was only \$1,047,000,000, and the total value of the exports of products of manufacture from France was only \$364,000,000. In other words, the census valuation of products of our own manufacture consumed in the United States during the year 1880 was five times the value of the exports of products of manufacture from Great Britain and Ireland during the year 1883, and more than fourteen times the value of the exports of products of manufacture from France during the same year.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

ANOTHER Mormon polygamist has been convicted by a jury at Salt Lake.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has designated Thursday, November 27, as the national Thanksgiving Day.

THE war in passenger rates on the trunk railway lines between New York and Western points still continues. The fare between this city and Chicago has been reduced to eleven dollars, and is likely to go lower.

GREAT damage was done to wharf property in Quebec last week, by extraordinary high tides accompanied by a heavy storm. On the St. Lawrence and the New Brunswick coast, a number of villages were swept by a destructive tempest and floods.

THE Governor of Ohio has been asked to order out the militia on account of the burning of bridges in Hocking County. A force of armed men, supposed to be strikers, last week attacked Murray City, and in the fight which ensued the mining company's buildings were riddled with bullets.

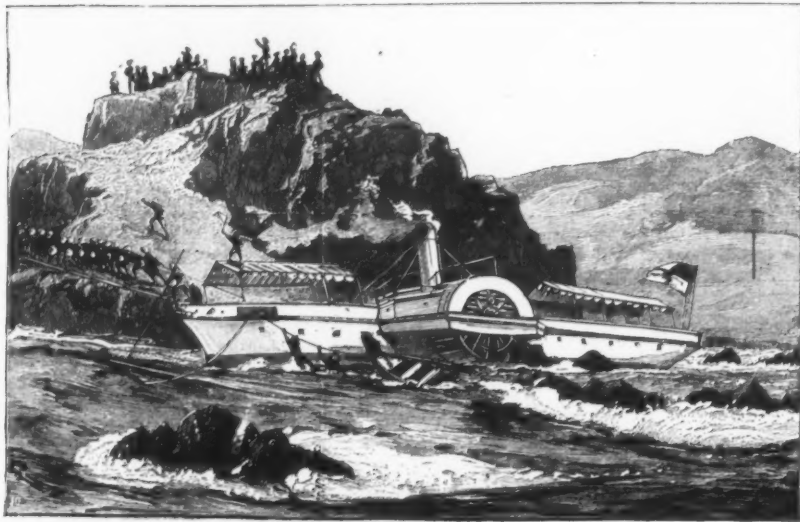
AT last week's election in Connecticut, Governor Waller received a plurality of 1,253 votes, but on account of the scattering vote failed of a majority by 984. His opponent, therefore, will be elected by the Legislature—the constitution requiring a majority of the whole number of votes cast as necessary to an election.

FOREIGN.

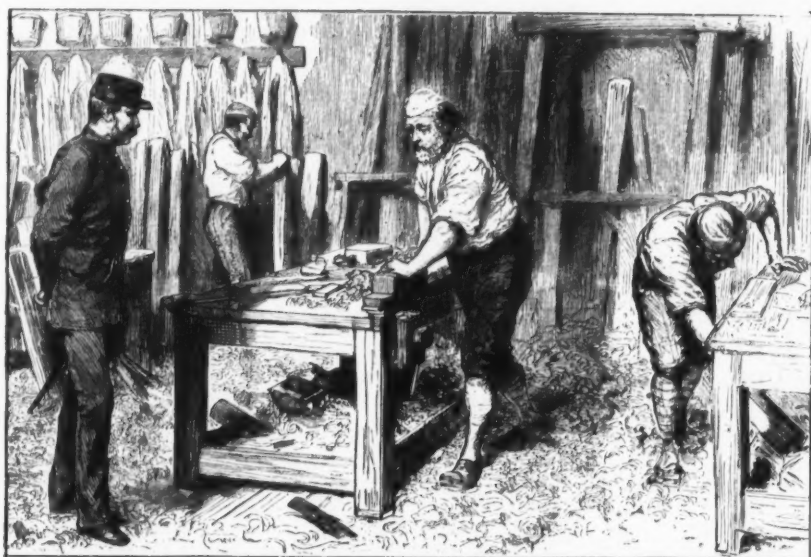
MR. THOMAS SHAW, member of the British Parliament for Halifax, has been appointed successor of the late Postmaster-general Fawcett.

THE reappearance of the cholera at several points in France has occasioned considerable uneasiness. Deaths have occurred in Paris, Nantes, Toulon and elsewhere.

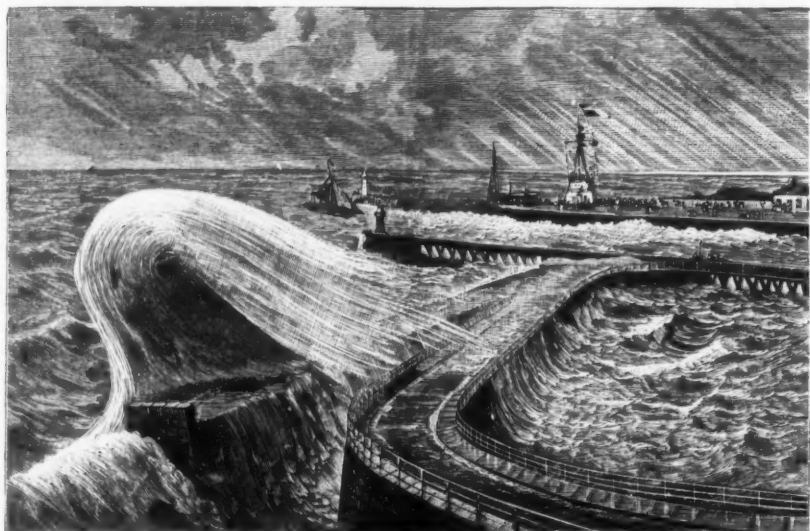
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 199.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—A STEAMER DISABLED IN THE SECOND CATARACT.



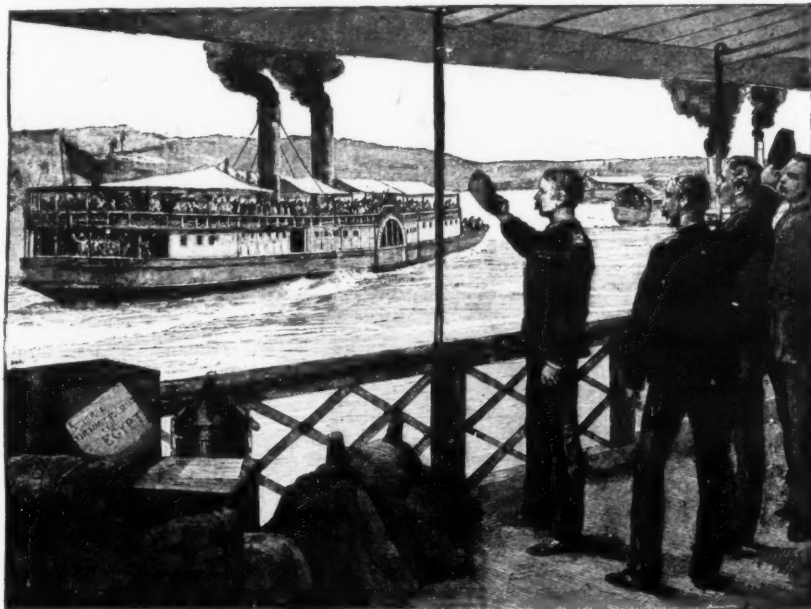
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE LATELY RELEASED TICHBORNE CLAIMANT WHILE AT WORK IN PORTSMOUTH PRISON.



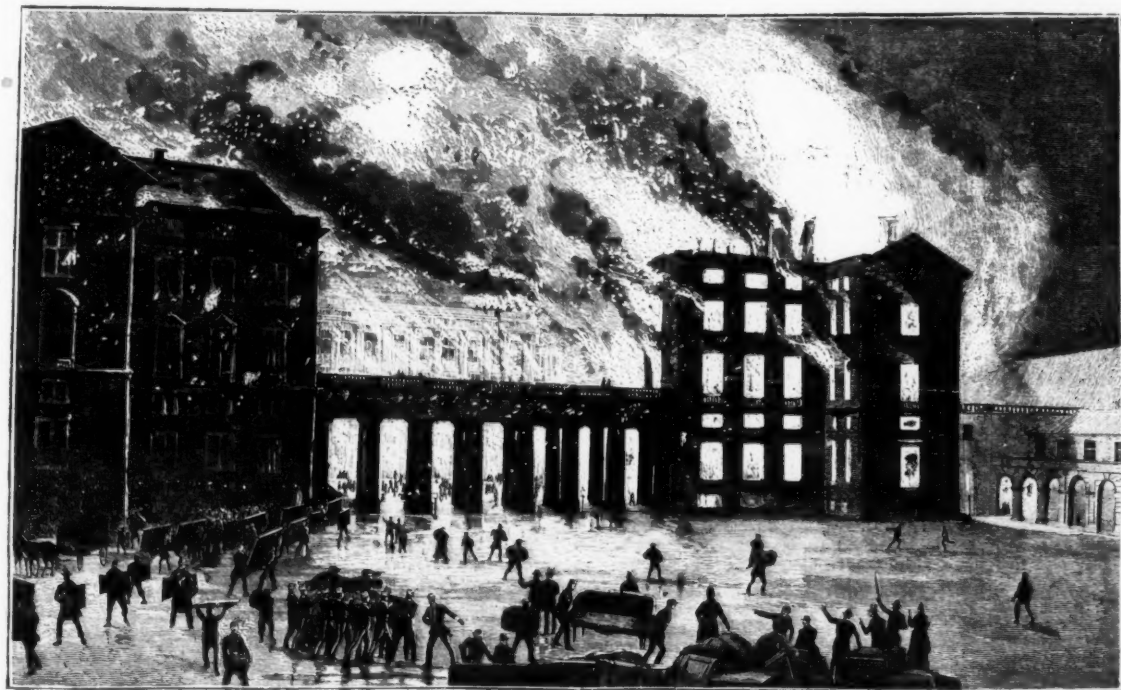
FRANCE.—A "NORTHWESTER" AT THE PORT OF HAVRE.



GERMANY.—BAS-RELIEF ON THE BACH MONUMENT AT EISENACH, UNVAILED SEPT. 28TH.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—THE BLACK WATCH CHEERING LORD WOLSELEY ON THE NILE.



DENMARK.—BURNING OF THE PALACE AT COPENHAGEN.



GERMANY.—THE LATE DUKE WILLIAM OF BRUNSWICK.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW OF THE NEW YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, NOV. 5TH-6TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

A SHOW OF FLOWERS.

A PRETTIER sight than the chrysanthemum show of the New York Horticultural Society, given at Horticultural Hall, on Twenty-eighth

Street, near Broadway, last week, has seldom been seen in this city. The display included fine specimens of the Standard chrysanthemum nine feet high; Chinese and Japanese hybrids seven feet high, crowned with beautiful white blossoms; dwarf

chrysanthemums, short but stout, for the bushes were nearly five feet across; and other plants neither too tall nor too bushy, but proportionate and symmetrical in every respect. The walls were lined with plants in full bloom, and on the plat-

form at the end was a pyramid of blossoms twelve feet high. Some of the plants were trimmed as trees, while others were like masses of colored snow in the profusion of their blossoms. Three long tables extended nearly the entire length of



LOUISIANA.—THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS.—THE BUILDING FOR UNITED STATES AND STATE EXHIBITS.—SEE PAGE 198.

the hall, and upon these were placed specimens of stalks, with flowers tastefully arranged in baskets, and a large collection of the choicest varieties of cut flowers. One basket attracted much attention. A bunch of bright yellow flowers with incurved petals was set off by another of rich purple blossoms with straggling petals, and above these were several pure white anemone-flowered chrysanthemums. Nestling between these was a smaller whitish pompon with a faint purplish blush. A Japanese specimen, the Comte de Germiny, was over four inches in diameter. Another Japanese variety had a slender stalk, with narrow yellow petals, shading into orange and branching out irregularly. The Gloire de Rayonante, also a Japanese specimen, was of a bright golden yellow, with petals ending in a point and spreading out horizontally like sun rays. The Plui d'Or was about three inches in diameter, with delicate petals gently rising from the centre and again falling like a shower of gold. L'Incomparable was of a pale yellow in the middle and gradually blended into gold and orange. The Viceroy of Egypt fully six inches across, some of the petals measuring three inches in length, was greatly admired. Triomphe de la Rue de Châtelet, a large pompon, not quite as large as the former, was of a buff color, gradually shading to pale-cream. The show attracted crowds of visitors during the two days of its continuance.

BIRTHDAY LILIES.

A GIFT of fair lilies at early morn,
All water-born, and white as snow;
And crowding from their waxy coolness
A fragrant sense of rarest sweetness;
A gift all pure, without a thorn—
A gift delicious, to adorn
A wreny woman kneeling low
In trailing serge—
While saddest dirge
Prolongs forlorn,
A memory of something gone
This birthday morn
In sunny June.

Kind stranger heart, and stranger hand
To prompt such act of fragrant grace!
You call to mind a "Long Ago"—
A northern stream with silent flow,
Where on a golden eventide
Two ears lay idle side by side—
While the snowy bloom by the streamlet fed
We pulled from its crystal liquid bed,
As golden moonbeams,
Crowned the day-dreams,
Then aglow—
That "long ago—
To present in this lily bloom
That fills the room
With sweet perfume
This day in June.

LESLIE LESTER.

LITTLE MISS MOY!

"THIS, I suppose, must be the place!" A lady descended from a carriage drawn up in front of this great gateway opening to the grounds of an imposing mansion up the Hudson. This lady was neither old nor young; she appeared to be well cared for; she was well dressed—equipped from tip to toe in a prosperous neatness and womanliness. She surveyed the handsome grounds. "It's a good place, but it must cost a good deal to keep it up," she murmured, critically.

Truly, it was a handsome home; the soft forenoon sunlight lay on the grass of the lawn—on the lilies and the still water in the great stone basin where a pipe dripped.

It was delightful; two or three statues, pieces of gray, weather-beaten marble stood at agreeable distances, and a sundial, evidently not indigenous to the place, graced a sunny grassplot.

Presently this appreciative visitor stopped, and, turning, addressed some one who had kept a seat in the carriage.

"You can stay where you are, my dear, or you can come and look about in the grounds. They are very nice; as for me, I shall go at once to Gabriel."

She passed beyond the gateway where two large stone heads grinned at her from the high arch.

"Heathenish!" muttered the lady; "but, then, what could you expect from a painter?"

She paused, for just then a man, a young, handsome man, came out from a sidewalk shaded with pink kahua, and confronted her; he had a fine mass of ruddy hair falling to his shoulders; he wore a velvet morning coat, and he was smoking a cigarette; that seemed to be his only occupation.

The strange lady regarded him a moment.

"Ah," she said; then, smiling a little, "I know the look; you've got the family look, after all. You must be my nephew, Gabriel Hertford!"

The young man doffed his cap in courtesy.

"That is my name, at your service; if I am your nephew, then you must be my aunt, but I beg pardon for not knowing your name."

"Ah, yes, I forgot! I am Miss Penfield—Mary Penfield. I came this morning to look you up as soon as I heard of that shameful business. I am sorry for you."

"Ah," said the young man, slowly, "you are very good to remember me; you are the first one to say you are sorry for me!"

"I dare say; nobody cares, although everybody talks about it; but, then, there are a great many others. I call it a great shame that one man can fix things so that his falling will drag hundreds of others down with him. This man, Gould, ought to be put in jail!"

Miss Penfield looked about her. Gabriel had flung his cigarette away and was looking at his visitor in what seemed to be a mixture of perplexity and amusement.

"This must be a very expensive place to keep up; it must take a lot of money."

"Yes," said Gabriel, evidently following as best he could where his aunt led, "it takes a good deal, but since my father died it has rather run down. My being alone, you know—"

"Well, I don't suppose you will try to keep it up any longer, even as a bachelor's establishment; you will have to go to work now to earn your own living. You like to work, I hope, Gabriel?"

"Yes, I like to work."

Miss Penfield smiled rather grimly.

"I have come to offer you a situation; you know I own all the land between the two rivers out there"—she spoke as if she thought Gabriel must have a map of the section where she dwelt—"out there" before his eyes habitually—"and I am always on the lookout for a good overseer—a good man to manage. There are the cattle—such work as I have, losing thousands of dollars every year; it's my firm conviction that Barker, the man I have now, sleeps all day and plays poker all night. You are young and strong; you are of my kin, although I must say I never approved of my sister marrying a poor man like your father—just a painter."

"Perhaps you don't like painting, yourself, my dear aunt," said Gabriel Hertford, softly, and with a perfectly serious face.

"Oh, I like paint in its place—on the fences and outbuildings; catch a poor bit of color on my barns! But come; are you going to accept my offer?—are you going with me? Make up your mind. I shall go on the evening express."

Gabriel put his hands in his pockets and stood looking at his aunt in some perplexity. He was evidently trying to say something suitably.

"The salary is good," said the lady, abruptly. "For you I will make it two hundred dollars more than the present man receives."

She named a sum. Gabriel said to himself that she was sufficiently generous.

"My dear aunt," he said, aloud to her, "your great goodness—your inexpressible kindness and thoughtfulness deserve a far better—" They had been, while talking, sauntering up and down, side by side, across this lovely pleasure-land. Gabriel, in the middle of his speech, stopped. "Who in Heaven's name is that? Where did that vision come from?"

For there, before them, right in the centre of a big bed of lilies—tiger-lilies and sweet-williams and mignonette, stood a young girl—a tall, beautiful figure in gray silk dress and mantle, a great feathered hat over her lovely brows, and a silver chain about her slim neck and waist shining in the sun. Across her long, gray-gloved arm was laid a big stem of lilies—in the manner of angels bearing palms.

The noble innocence of look and attitude were charming; it was a vision, a mediæval picture put there in Gabriel's garden for profane eyes to look at and be healed.

"Where in Heaven's name did that lovely vision come from?"

"Who?—where?" Miss Penfield gazed about her. "Oh, that is my niece, Moy—Moy Farrars; she lives with me. I brought her on this journey for a change, poor thing! She has not been well!"

The kindled fire had not died out of Gabriel Hertford's face; his brows remained flushed.

"As you were saying, my dear aunt, in your goodness, I must work—yes, I will go with you; I will try to serve you well."

A groom in livery came up the carriage-walk leading a young colt.

"Send some of the fellows about to tell Saunders to put up things for a journey. I am going away. Things to last for a long stay."

"My goodness!" Miss Penfield stared; "is that the way you do? How shall you manage about the house? You take things somewhat cool. I must say."

"Ah, the house—that is already furnished with an occupant—an old fellow with his wife; you see, they do things quickly in these cases. I have only to go—"

"Well, I declare!" Miss Penfield gasped, "to go and leave everything, my poor boy! I am glad I thought to come for you; my place is not so fine as this, but I guess I am about as well off. You don't catch me putting my money in the bank just for sake of losing it. Moy, child, come!"

"Is this my cousin, too?" Gabriel asked, looking at the fair vision with the wonderful depth of still sweetness in her eyes, standing there with her white lilies across her arm.

"No, she is not your cousin; she is—well, it's no matter who she is."

Gabriel was capable of reading a meaning between words sometimes; in this case he fancied that his aunt meant to express: "She's nothing to you, sir!"

That one year of his life passed at Miss Penfield's home, called by her the Bowerie, was an experience Gabriel Hertford never forgot or underrated. It was an education; five hundred acres, all clear rolling plain, soft flowing river and noble forest. The wild, glad life suited his strong, poetic nature; the long gallop from place to place; the gusty wind in his ears; the voices of men at work; the skies above him; the grass below him.

To Gabriel's surprise, Barker, the man whom he had superseded, staid on in Miss Penfield's employ; he had accepted an inferior post with a scant salary, and Gabriel was not slow to perceive that the man was doing himself an injustice filling it: the fact was patent that David Barker was a scholar; he was also a man of splendidly developed powers, of keen, flashing wit and proud temper. Why was he staying there, then?

Within six weeks Gabriel flattered himself he had found out two things, for a mysterious handwriting came to flow along the walks and write. First, David Barker was in love with Moy.

Second, Miss Penfield was afraid of David Barker; she did not wish to offend him, but she wished to get rid of him.

For Gabriel was witness to a scene that moved him profoundly. He was sitting in the deep window of the morning-room where Miss Penfield's

desk was, and he was looking over some accounts while waiting for his mistress; the curtain dropped, hid him from view, and he did not look out when Barker entered. Just in that moment's pause and silence an opposite door opened to admit Miss Penfield. With a little murmur the lady came forward to David, handing him an open letter.

"Just read that, David," she said, rather exultantly.

With a quiet look he read the letter, and then returned it to Miss Penfield.

"Yes, it's a very grand thing," he said. Miss Penfield turned pale.

"You—you will accept the—the chance, won't you? You won't let such an offer pass?"

"No; I shall not accept it."

"Oh, why—why not?"

"Because I wish to stay here."

"To stay here? Oh, David, it's no place for you. Go—go where you can do better." Then she clasped her hands together. "I beseech you to go and leave us in peace!"

The man laughed out aloud—a long, bitter laugh.

"You want me to go so much? Well, I will go on one condition—that Moy goes with me! Give me Moy for my wife! You tell me to go to where I can do better, Miss Penfield!" His words were like iron missiles dropped in Mary Penfield's heart. "Tell me where that place is; where can I do better than on my own land?—for this is mine. I own the Bowerie; my title is older than yours; I have got it, proved and sure. But"—he advanced towards her; his words hung over her like a threatening lash—"I'll destroy it—as sure as there is the blue sky above us, I'll destroy it in your sight; I'll give up every scrap of title, if you'll give me Moy."

He stopped white with passion. Miss Penfield stood with her hands covering her bowed face. The silence was terrible; it seemed to beat about these two actors like waves of a heavy sea running over them. Gabriel sat silent; he did not dare to stir now; his great fear was that he should be discovered.

Finally Miss Penfield looked up.

"Moy, give you Moy?" she murmured, wonderingly. "Why, man, the child does not love you."

"Never mind; I've love enough for two. I'll teach her to love me."

The words seemed coarse, but there was hot fever in the tone.

Miss Penfield at this lifted her drooped head; some spark of proud temper lit her eye; she straightened her tall form.

"Moy, my little fair Moy? You will give me the Bowerie if I give you Moy?"

She had this while been carrying in her hand a beautiful white, brodered handkerchief—a beautiful, costly trifle. With strong fingers she now tore it through the middle, straight across, from edge to edge, complete.

"There is the contract!" she said, in her proud contempt, and she dropped the pieces on the floor at David Barker's feet.

The matter rested there for a time, and time went by, weeks and months; but the look of pain deepening in Miss Penfield's face grew at last more than Gabriel could bear. Everybody wondered at the change in the mistress. It seemed to Gabriel that he lived through it just because Moy came and went like the rain and sweet light and dew of heaven about the house; their "little Moy," "little Miss Moy."

"My dear aunt," said Gabriel, one evening, dropping on the floor by her side as they sat about the great log fire—"dear aunt, I wish you wouldn't look like that. Cry, for Heaven's sake, cry if you must, but don't look like that!"

Miss Penfield put her hand on the mass of ruddy hair resting against her.

"You are a good boy," she said, gently; her thin face quivered.

"I wish I could help you," Gabriel went on, entreatingly. "Tell me your trouble; let me try and help you; let me share it!"

"Tell you? Soon there will be no need of my telling; all the world will know it. Oh, but it's wicked!"

She stopped in her wild words, for a fiercer storm of the winter elements raged without. A great gust of icy wind struck the door and shook it fiercely. The windows rattled in their stout frames. They could hear the wild toss of moaning tree-tops; the creak of shattered boughs, the song of creeping, shuddering, flying winds.

Moy came and knelt on the other side of Miss Penfield, her look was like that of a spirit.

"I am afraid," she whispered, "there is something dreadful out there. I can hear it walk, it steps lightly, but it comes."

"Hush, child!" said Miss Penfield, angrily; "what are you raving about?" She seemed to listen to some sound. "I wonder where David Barker is? Ah, what's that?"

Then came a low whine, a scratching at the outer door.

"It's Fleet. I had not missed him before—strange!" She spoke of the huge house-dog whose place was usually of an evening before the fire at her feet. "Ah, there he is again; let him in, please, Gabriel. How the storm beats the door in."

Gabriel moved to obey; he felt strangely reluctant—a voice seemed to cry to him "Stay!"

He was holding the door in his hand anxious to let in as little of the drift as possible, when he felt himself flung backwards; some terrible thing shot forward and precipitated itself against him. He staggered down under the blow. He struggled heroically; he was conscious of a thunderous weight on his chest; of foaming jaws at his throat; of huge claws at his breast, and hot breath burning him. Still he would not die; he had heard cries, and now there was another sound, the voice of a cherub floating out of heaven where God is:

"Save him, save him!"

Moy was there, her slender girl's arm was between his throat and the wolf's jaw. Moy's little hands were striving to drag the wild beast away. Must she die, too?

"Ware there!" cried a calm voice outside, and the splintering crack of a rifle shot was heard.

Gabriel sat up dizzily striving to peer through the smoke of storm and powder. "Moy!" he said, hoarsely.

A face looked in the shattered window, then David Barker entered the room; he leaned his rifle against the wall, and stooping, lifted Moy from the floor.

"The ball went through her arm," he said, quietly. "I had to risk it. There was no waiting, but it's nothing serious!"

He pushed the golden hair back from the white still cheeks, and sighed as he bent over her; he had placed her on the lounge where Miss Penfield was kneeling, administering tender cares and caresses.

"You wouldn't give her to me, thus I give her back to you, and I'm not a generous man," said David to Miss Penfield.

"Is she dead?" Gabriel asked, hoarsely; he staggered up, lying against the wall; he was blind and dizzy. "It was like a spirit floating past when she came to help me. Did she go straight on to another world?"

"I am here," said a now clear voice from that other world so far from him, across the room where love was.

"So you see, dear aunt," said Gabriel, "we are going to live our one life together. After all, I'm fit for nothing but painting. Moy says she's fit for nothing but an artist's life. We're going on a tramp through Europe first, then we're going to work."

"You poor things," cried Miss Penfield; "and I've not a penny to offer you; to talk of tramping."

"We don't want any penny," said Moy, in love's new voice.

"We're going back to the old home," Gabriel said. "And oh, I was going to mention, I forgot to tell Moy, too, it was all a mistake about the money. I never lost any. I have got all I ever had."

"Well, I declare—never lost any!"

"No, it was all a mistake, it was another person with the same name as mine."

"Why didn't you tell me?—you ought to have told me," Miss Penfield said, coldly.

"Ah, but you seemed so like a saint, dear aunt, coming to me in that way that morning, with your generous offer." Gabriel took his aunt's hand and lifting it, kissed it softly. "And I meant to tell you after I got my breath back, but—Moy came among my posies. I wanted to be where she was, so I let you be deceived. Forgive me—love us!"

"Well, I am sorry I can't give Moy something. I can't say you've done any great things here for me, nor do I believe you'll make much out of your painting stuff."

"You'll work all the same, won't you?" said the love voice at Gabriel's shoulder. "Will work and do good."

"Ah, my angel! Yes, do good you! You'll see, aunt, what I can do when I paint Moy. I shall make a picture of her standing with the lilies across her arm, and every home shall know her face, every devout heart shall look on her likeness as something sweet to say prayers before."

"Ah, if you're going to begin by spoiling her," said Miss Penfield, turning away; her heart was sore—they would leave her, these lovers, and, she feared the Bowerie was lost to her.

There came a morning when Gabriel and Moy went away from the Bowerie, man and wife. Love go with the young lovers; do good for all, be ye, too, happy.

Miss Penfield stood looking long after them along the way they went. She felt alone and ill at ease; it was long since she had heard from David Barker; where was he? what new blow was preparing?

"Shall we throw old shoes after them," said a voice, at her shoulder. "It's a sign there'll be another wedding soon."

"I don't want another wedding," said Miss Penfield, tartly, as she slowly faced him; she disdained to show surprise.

"Ah!" David Barker smiled, significantly. "I have had a chance to sell the Bowerie," he said, lightly.

"Yes? I'll get out of your way at once," answered Miss Penfield, putting her hands in the pockets of her ruffled white apron to hide their trembling.

"You needn't, I'm going to offer it to you."

"I never take gifts."

"Not even me—won't you take me?"

Miss Penfield glanced at him keenly.

"It's been a hard riddle to read; you did not guess it right," said David Barker, with a smile that made his dark face tender and supplicating.

Miss Penfield looked over about her. Green wood and fertile field, river and rolling plain, she loved them well—the old Bowerie—oh, she loved it.

"Well, I guess I'll take you, Mr. Barker!" But it was the Bowerie she took!

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE buildings erected for the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans cover nearly sixty acres of space. The Main Building is 1,378x905 feet; the United States and State Exhibits Building, 885x565 feet; the Art Gallery, 300x100 feet; Horticultural Hall, 600x194 feet; the Mexican National Headquarters, 300x190 feet; and there are besides factories and mills and minor buildings designed for various uses. The grounds embrace an area of 247 acres, and are encircled by an electric railway. The display made

by the Government of the United States will be the most extensive ever attempted by any nation officially. Every Department will make an exhibit illustrative of its work and sphere. Thus the Bureau of Ethnology will make a display in the Educational Department which will show man's growth from his prehistoric period up to civilization. It will exhibit many thousand specimens of pottery, stone implements, and shell and bone ornaments recovered from the soil and found in the caves of the ancient cliff-dwellers of the cañons of the Colorado and the Yellowstone. The Post Office Department will have a model post-office in the Government Building, where mails will be received, dispatched and delivered at all hours during the continuance of the Exposition. It will display samples of all the mail-bags, pouches, and other paraphernalia connected with the mail service. A very attractive feature will be a collection, handsomely mounted and framed, of all the postage stamps and stamped envelopes ever issued by the United States, and also of those issued by several foreign Governments. There will be on the grounds a model postal-car, which will illustrate the method of taking up and delivering mail-bags at way stations, by lightning express trains. These are but samples of the completeness with which the Government will illustrate every feature of its service.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The passage of the Second Cataract of the Nile by the steamers of the British Relief Expedition proves to be fully as difficult as was anticipated. From Wady Halfa upwards, for many miles above the Second Cataract, the Nile is simply a succession of these rapids. During high Nile many of these are, of course, completely submerged, but as the river falls, more and more of them appear, until at last it becomes impossible even for a nigger to ascend. It is now "low Nile" and the work of navigation is full of difficulty and peril. At the point shown in our picture the river evidently passes over a ledge of rock deep at the bottom, but still sufficient to cause a fall, over which the boats have to be hauled by manual labor. Here three hundred of the Mudir of Dongola's men are stationed for the work. When a boat arrives it is lightened of most of its cargo, and then, laying on to a hawser some two hundred yards long, and shouting and singing, the noisy, half-naked mob pull the vessel over the fall. In one case a steamer had her port paddle disabled, the towing hawser carried away, and her boat swamped, the crew, however, escaping to the steamer. An incident of Lord Wolsey's progress on his Nile expedition is illustrated on page 196. He left Siout on the 27th of September in the steam yacht of the Khedive. On the afternoon of the 29th he overtook the Forty-second Highlanders in barges and steamers on the way to the front. On recognizing Lord Wolsey, a hearty cheer rang from boat after boat as he passed, the compliment being returned by the General and his staff, with cheers for the Black Watch. The scene was quite imposing, it being the first instance of a general reviewing his troops in Mid-Nile.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

The release of the Tichborne claimant from the convict prison at Portsmouth has already been referred to in our columns. When first placed in that institution, he worked as a tailor; subsequently he was transferred to the carpenter-shop, where he made himself a really skillful workman. His conduct in prison has always been most exemplary. The claimant, besides growing thinner, has aged considerably in appearance since his imprisonment began. His hair is grizzled, and he wears spectacles for reading and writing.

A NORTHWESTER AT HAVRE.

The great French seaport is famous for its harbor, which of late years has undergone improvements on a vast scale. A former grievance of navigators, as all transatlantic travelers know, was the passage of the straitened outer harbor, which compelled a series of evolutions dangerous alike to the large vessels and to the numerous small craft in their way. To-day the outer harbor is double its former width; but the modifications accomplished have produced new currents, and the channel is anything but a millpond. In a stiff northwester the fury of the tempest seems to concentrate here, and the seas run mountains high. The breakwater shown in our illustration takes the brunt of the storm. It is a massive wall of granite, presenting a slight inclination to the incoming waves. The line of the sea-wall is broken at three points by projecting bastions, which, in case of maritime war, would be mounted with heavy guns. The spirited drawing which we reproduce gives the view from the bastion nearest the south jetty. A mighty sea breaks upon the immovable wall, and falls in cascades into the basin on the opposite side, which communicates through open pile-work with the channel. Thus the fury of the waves is in a great measure spent before they finally effect an entrance into the harbor. The sight is an impressive one, and does not fail to attract groups of spectators, whom the artist has prudently placed on the north jetty; for the south one, swept by huge waves that before now have carried away cannon, would be an undesirable situation even for the most adventurous.

THE BACH MONUMENT AT EISENACH.

The statue of the great composer, Johann Sebastian Bach, which was unveiled at Eisenach, Germany, on September 28th last, anticipates by several months the bi-centennial anniversary of Bach's birth, which occurs on March 21st, 1885. The monument was designed by the German artist Donndorf. It stands on the Market-place in Eisenach in front of the old St. George's Church, where many musical pilgrims to Eisenach have listened to the immortal creation of the old Leipzig musician, for although Bach achieved his greatest fame while Cantor of St. Thomas's Church at Leipzig, it was at Eisenach that he was born. Donndorf has followed with precision the style and characteristics of the man. Even the distinctive dress of the first half of the eighteenth century has been carefully reproduced. The pedestal is of Swedish syenite, and is ornamented with bronze bass-reliefs characteristic of the architecture of the time of Luther, of whose Protestant Church music Bach was the greatest exponent. One of these bass-reliefs represents St. Cecilia, the patroness of sacred music, playing on the organ. The musical ceremonies at the dedication of the monument were very elaborate and extended over two days. On the 28th Bach's Grand Mass in B minor was performed by a large chorus and orchestra, drawn from the best bands and choirs of

the principal neighboring towns, the soloists being Frau Müller-Bonnetberger, of Berlin; Fraulein H. Spiess, of Frankfurt; Herr Von der Meden, of Berlin; and Herr K. Staudigl, of Carlsruhe. The conductor was Herr Joachim. At this performance there were present a great musical assemblage, including the Abbe Liszt; Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the leader of the Bach Choir in London; Sir Herbert Oakeley, professor of music in Edinburgh University; and Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford, composer of the successful operas, "The Vailed Prophet of Khorassan," "Savonarola" and "The Canterbury Pilgrims." An inaugural address was delivered by Pastor Kieter. On Monday, the 29th, a miscellaneous concert composed entirely of Bach's compositions was given. The programme included the celebrated violin chaconne, played by Herr Joachim; the Suite in D for orchestra; one of the organ preludes and fugues played by Herr Schulz; the Pastoral Symphony from the Christmas Oratorio; the concerto for two violins, played by Herr Joachim and Herr Halvi; a chorus from the cantata "Eine Feste Burg ist Unser Gott," and other numbers. The cost of the monument was defrayed by the Bach Committee, which collected the necessary amount from all sources. The venerable Franz Liszt and the violinist Joachim have been among the most active in promoting the cause.

THE BURNING OF CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE.

The Christiansborg Castle of Copenhagen, which was recently destroyed by fire, was a spacious and lofty building, and with its offices and dependencies formed of itself a small quarter of the city. The facade was adorned with several sculptures of Thorwaldsen, and in front of the principal entrance was a bronze equestrian statue of King Frederick VII. Among other apartments the palace contained the hall in which the Houses of Parliament were wont to assemble, the Picture Gallery, the Court Chapel, and the Royal Library of 500,000 volumes. Many of the treasures contained in the palace were fortunately saved from the flames.

THE LAST DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

On the night of the 18th of October last died Duke William of Brunswick. His father "who rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell," was killed at Quatre Bras. Duke William was educated at the University of Göttingen, and subsequently was gazetted to a crack regiment of Prussian Hussars. It was in 1830-31 that he was declared Regent of the Duchy. He was known as Duke William the Inoffensive, and was the last of the Guelphs. The Brunswicks were desirous that the Duke should marry, and a deputation of the townspeople waited on him with a petition to that effect. The Duke, who received them very graciously, informed them that they should have an early answer, and upon the same evening caused posters to be pasted up announcing that the play that night at the Ducal Theatre by his command would be "Ich bleib ledig," "I remain single." This was his reply to the honest citizens.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The pyramidal capstone of the Washington Monument is completed and stands in the sheds of the monument grounds, where it is an object of great curiosity to multitudes of people. The pinnacle of the marble is cut away to allow a copper apex to set into the stone, which will be connected with the lightning-rod on the interior of the monument. The workmen say that many people, especially young ladies, insist on perching themselves on this stone, in order to say that they have stood upon the apex of the Washington Monument. This involves standing upon a space about six feet square and five feet from the ground, which, to most of the ladies who try it, is as dizzy an experiment as it would be for the average monument workman to stand upon the very summit of a completed monument.

A PRODIGY.

CHANDA SINGH, a blind student of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, is, according to an account given in *Allen's Indian Mail*, a prodigy. He cannot read or write, but possesses such a strong memory as to be able to repeat all his text-books, English, Persian or Urdu, by rote, and to work out sums in arithmetic with remarkable rapidity. The unusual intensity of his mental powers is shown by his ability to multiply any number of figures by another equally large. At the last University examination he was examined *vis a voce* by order of the Director of Public Instruction of the Punjab, and he stood twenty-seventh in the list of successful candidates. On the recommendation of the same official, the judges of the local court have allowed him to appear at its law examination. Memory, as is well known, is wonderfully developed in Orientals, owing to the system of education which has obtained amongst them; but cases like Chanda Singh must be very rare even in the East.

CLUB LIFE IN LONDON.

If the ancient Lacedæmonians invented clubs, the modern English have perfected and established them. There are in London to-day a hundred clubs which meet in their own houses. How many others there may be which lead precarious lives in hotels and taverns it would be difficult to say. "Whitaker's Almanack" contains a list of ninety-five clubs of London, which the editor sets forth as the principal institutions of this city of clubs. There is no city in Europe where these organizations are administered on such strict principles. An Englishman's club for the time being is his private house. The members represent his family and friends. Strangers are excluded from the club-rooms proper; they are relegated to apartments which have little or no communication with the other parts of the house. Whereas in America a stranger properly introduced has the full run of the club, in London he is essentially a stranger. To force of the oldest clubs it is quite a matter of formality to introduce a stranger at all. The introduction of members and the ballot are conducted upon the most exacting principles, and candidates are sometimes not elected until many years after they are proposed. In the oldest and most exclusive clubs members are said to nominate their sons and heirs on the day of their birth. That there is nothing new under the sun is remarkably illustrated in the history of a London club. The feasts of love or public repasts of the days of Lycurgus (as related by Plutarch) were the beginnings of the modern club, which is conducted to-day very much upon the ancient principles. For example, the Lacedæmonians made up companies of fifteen, and each of them brought con-

tributions of wine, cheese, fish and fruit. It was customary on the arrival of members for the eldest among them to stand at the portal and warn his brethren that not a word said within the precincts must be repeated out of the door. Each candidate for admission was balloted for. The other members took in their hands a little ball of soft bread, which they threw into a deep basin. If in doing so they did not press the ball into a flat disk a member was elected; otherwise he was excluded.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE sawdust and refuse of the sawmill is now made to yield fourteen gallons of turpentine, three or four gallons of resin and a quantity of tar per cord.

PHYLLOXERA is making steady progress in the Rhenish vineyards. The pernicious insect has now been found on the right bank of the river, in the vineyards of Castle Ockenfels, near Linz, where over 100 acres are infected. State aid has been asked for at Berlin, as the occurrence of the pest near Linz is far more serious than that in the Ahr Valley.

CAST-IRON if heated for several days to about 900 degrees to 1,000 degrees neither melts nor softens, but is converted into malleable iron. Its surface is covered with a grayish efflorescence. The fracture is sometimes of uniform black, like that of a lead pencil, and sometimes riddled with large black points regularly distributed in the metallic paste.

THE highest velocity that has been imparted to shot is given as 1,626 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds; and thus, if a cannon-ball was fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey round the earth.

ON brass, a technical journal says, a steel color is developed by using a boiling solution of arsenic chloride, while a careful application of a concentrated solution of sodium sulphide causes a blue coloration. Black being generally used for optical instruments, is obtained from a solution of platinum chloride to which tin nitrate has been added. In Japan the brass is bronzed by using a boiling solution of copper sulphate, alum and verdigris.

A COMPOSITE pulley is among the recent mechanical inventions. It is formed of a cast-iron hub, a web or body made of paper, pasted and pressed into a solid block of the thickness to insure the required strength, and this web is surrounded by wrought or cast rim secured by knees or flanges riveted through the rim and paper; the rim, having thus a uniform bearing upon the paper body, is steadier and more even than an iron pulley.

THE *Globe* reports the discovery of the ruins of an ancient city near Samarkand. They are situated on a hill, which was doubtless a fortress formerly. Remains of utensils and human bones have also been found. According to Arabian sources the large City of Aphrosiah existed there in the time of Moses; it was the royal residence, and the King's castle stood on the hill, and was provided with subterranean corridors. The result of the excavations show that the ruins are indeed those of a very ancient city. The various depths, however, differ widely; in the lower ones fine glass objects are found, which are quite absent from the upper ones; the lowest layers contain remains of a very primitive nature—i. e., coarse implements of clay and flint. The excavations are being continued. News from Turkestan announces the discovery of another ancient city, Achsy, on the right bank of Anu Darya. Remains of brick walls and other buildings are said to be visible in considerable numbers.

It would seem that the International Scientific Association, which it was proposed at Philadelphia to organize, has been really founded. *Science* informs us that it has now a more assured existence, thanks to the fund of \$20,000 which will be established through the liberality of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson. Of this fund \$5,000 have already been paid to the Association, and \$5,000 more will be paid next year on condition of \$10,000 being raised from other sources. The income from this fund is to be devoted to research. Not only did Mrs. Thompson give liberally to this new Society, but she also gave \$1,000 to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to be used in research on light and heat. Mrs. Thompson takes great interest in the recent marvelous advances in the application of electricity, and felt a desire to contribute, as far as lay in her power, to the advancement of our knowledge of the forces of Nature. Appreciating the unity of energy, whether displayed as heat or light or electricity, Mrs. Thompson gave the money for researches as to the nature and sources of light and heat, in the hope that more may be learned of the connection which may exist between heat and light and electricity.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 1st.—In New York, Frederick Lyman Talcott, banker and broker, aged 71 years; in New York, Virginia Loyall Farragut, widow of Admiral Farragut, aged 60 years; in Boydsville, Va., Charles J. Faulkner, a prominent Virginian, and formerly a Democratic Congressman, aged 76 years. November 2d.—In Paris, France, Auguste Vancorbelle, director of the Grand Opera House, aged 63 years; in New York, Isaac Honig, real estate dealer and patron of several charitable institutions, aged 56 years; in Reading, Pa., Jacob K. Sterrett, one of the oldest journalists of that State. November 3d.—In Mobile, Ala., Major John J. Walker, the last of four brothers prominent in the social and political history of that State, aged 70 years. November 4th.—In Berlin, Germany, Gustave Reichardt, composer of the national song, "Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?" November 5th.—In New York, John R. Flanagan, one of the oldest members of the New York Bar, aged 72 years; in New York, William Lafayette Hubbell, inventor, writer and politician, aged 59 years; in South Bethlehem, Pa., De Witt Clinton Boutelle, N. A. D., an artist of some reputation, aged 67 years; in St. Petersburg, Russia, Alexander de Steiglitz, the famous banker and railway financier. November 6th.—In London, England, the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-general, aged 61 years; in London, England, the Marquis of Londonderry, aged 63 years; in Paris, France, M. Fauvel, the eminent physician; in Paris, Mme. Frezzolini, the celebrated *prima donna* of a generation ago, aged 64 years. November 7th.—In Constantinople, Monsignor Azarian, the Armenian Patriarch.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE French Senate, by a vote of 145 to 117, has abolished the life Senatorships.

A MAN has actually been sent to prison in Nova Scotia for three months for lying in a horse-trade.

LARGE quantities of African peanuts are imported into France, where they are used in the manufacture of olive oil.

CHINESE advices state that the Empress has offered half her jewels for the defense of the Empire against the French invasion.

A WAGER was made in New York city before election which compels the loser to wear a campaign uniform continuously for thirty days.

ONE Rudger Clawson, of Salt Lake City, convicted of polygamy, has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$800. An appeal has been taken.

THE Presbyterian Synod of Mississippi has adopted a resolution, by a vote of 42 to 8, disapproving the teaching of the doctrine of evolution in the theological schools of the Church.

THE model of Abraham Lincoln's apparatus for lifting vessels over shoals, which is now in the Patent Office in Washington, is to be in the Patent Office exhibit in the New Orleans Exposition.

THE German hop crop this year will yield about 420,000 cwt. The crop in the United States is larger than that of last year, and on the Pacific Coast the gain is reported to be 30,000 bales of 180 pounds each.

ALTOGETHER about 1,000 students have been expelled from the University of Kieff and drafted into penitentiary regiments. The Chief of Police of St. Petersburg has forbidden a ball in honor of Sir Moses Montefiore.

THE Chinese soldiers, trimmed with red, who are often seen loitering on the roads about Shanghai, appear at drill with umbrellas, fans, and sometimes, if petty officers, with coolies to carry or hold these articles for them.

ADVICES from India report that an unusually fatal outbreak of cholera has occurred at Madras. Great difficulty is experienced in procuring provisions. The villagers are terror-stricken, and refuse to bring in the usual supplies.

ON a Sunday evening recently, a field of dry sage on the battlefield of Missionary Ridge became ignited, and soon the flames were spreading with lightning-like rapidity. A stump standing in the battlefield blazed up and in a few seconds a roar like thunder reverberated down the valley, and the stump was blown into ten thousand pieces. Investigation developed the fact that three shells were imbedded in the stump and exploded from the heat.

THE Passamaquoddy Indians have conceived the idea of organizing a municipal form of government at Peter Dana's Point, above Eastport, Me., their largest settlement, to protect themselves from white men who enter their reservation with "fire-water" and otherwise do them injury. The matter has been referred to the Governor and Council, and it is probable that a limited form of municipal government will be granted the tribe by the next Legislature.

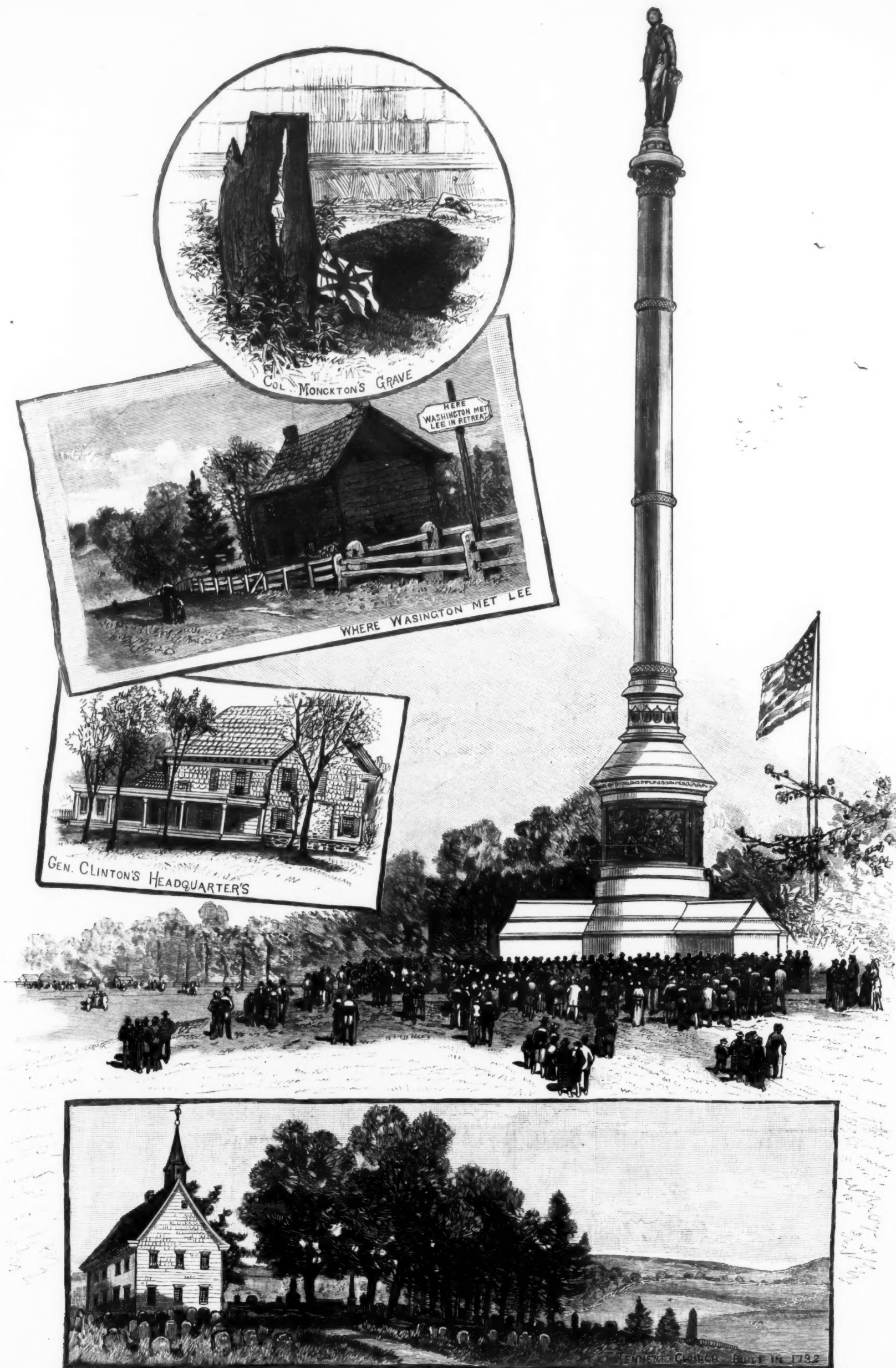
A COMMISSIONER of the New Orleans Exposition has chartered the steamer *Great Eastern* for the purpose of carrying exhibits from several points to the Exposition. Afterwards it will be used as a floating hotel. The managers of the Exhibition expect to fasten the big steamer to the levee, and to give entertainments and receptions on board every evening while the Exhibition lasts. The *Great Eastern* is expected to sail from London during the last week of November.

AN attendant at a Coney Island dime museum, who was scratched on the land by an ant-eater, is dying from the effects of the subtle poison. The ant-eater is a peculiar animal, standing about four feet high, has a long bushy tail, used as a blanket when the animal is asleep, and a snout shaped like an elephant's trunk, into which it gathers ants by the aid of a long narrow tongue upon which is secreted a glutinous saliva. It has no teeth, but has claws upon its forefeet, about three inches long, which it uses to tear up the ant-hills and also as a means of defense.

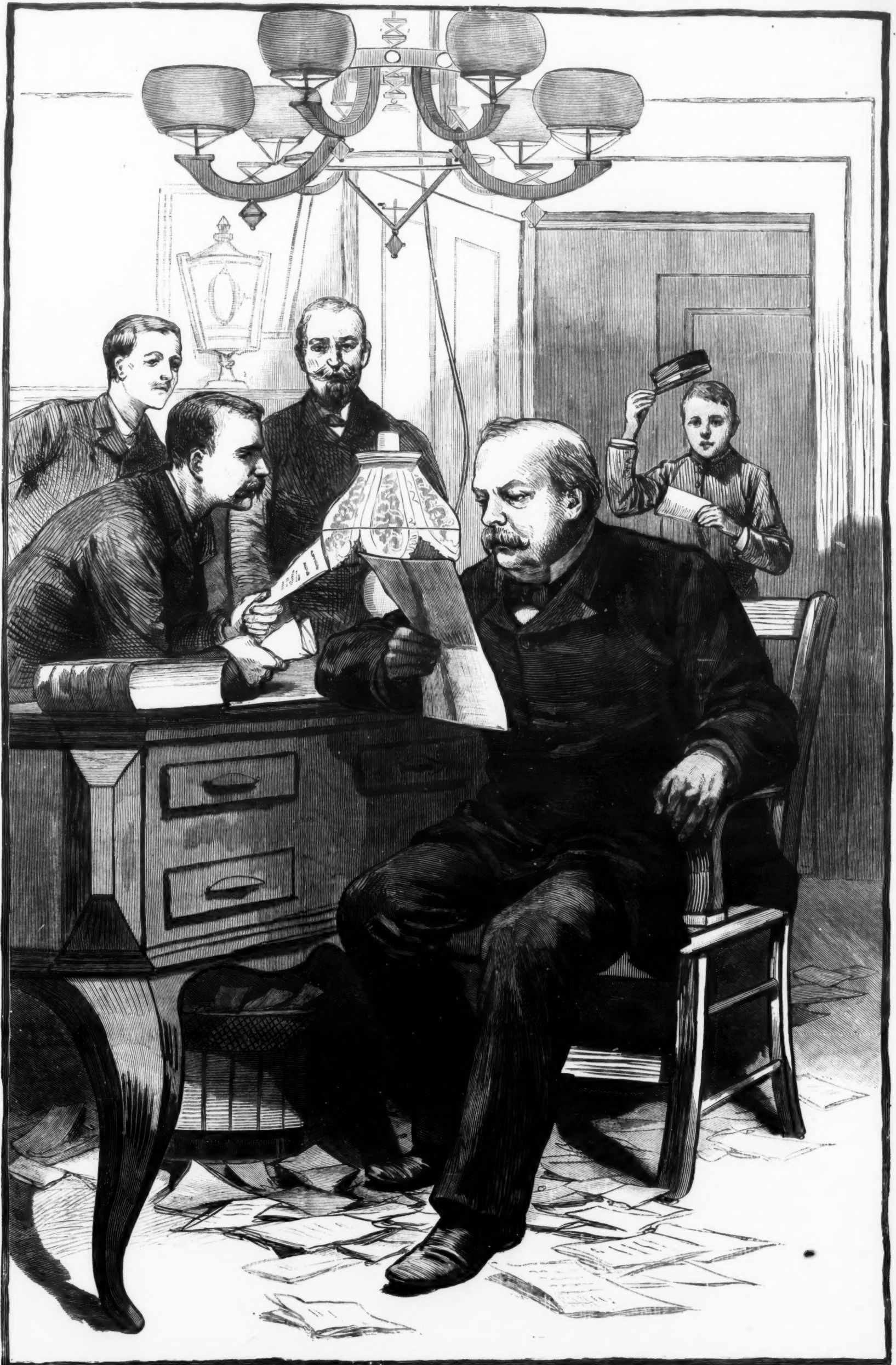
THE steadiness of American securities on the London Stock Exchange, last week, under the election excitement, is the subject of comment by the press. The *Pall Mall Gazette* holds that this steadiness is a striking illustration of the stability of democratic institutions. A similar crisis in any other country would convulse prices. "A nation of fifty million people," it says, "decides the fate of its Government in a closely contested election, which is conducted with wild excitement from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, with less effect upon the stock market than a report that King Alfonso had a cold in his head would affect the Spanish Bourse."

SIXTEEN persons were killed during a panic in a theatre in Glasgow, Scotland, on the night of the 1st instant. The panic was caused by a drunken man raising a cry of "fire." At the first alarm the whole audience instantly rose to their feet and made a rush to the several doors. The great mass of people who occupied the pit in escaping therefrom met the crowd that was descending the stairways from the gallery, and a fearful block ensued. The crazed crowd frantically rushed toward the outlets, trampling and jumping over each other until they reached the street. When the theatre was finally cleared sixteen corpses were found on the stairs leading from the gallery, and twelve persons were so badly injured that they only gave evidence that life was not extinct by their piteous moanings.

It is said that one of the most demoralized members of the Blaine household during the election excitement of last week was Black Frederick, one of the old house-servants. He sat up all election night, as a matter of conscience. He had vowed he would not eat or sleep until Mr. Blaine was elected. He stood about with mouth and eyes wide open, hoping to get a chance later in the day to eat at least without breaking his vow. Those who showed the most interest were Mrs. Margaret Blaine and her little sister Lizzie, who were never very far away from the telegraphic instruments. Walker and Emmons Blaine took the news of the day after the fashion of men of the world, and scanned the reports without much surface excitement. Mrs. Blaine was uneasy and anxious, but she showed splendid self-control, although she could not help saying that no glory or power could compensate one for the anxious trials of a Presidential campaign.



NEW JERSEY.—THE MONMOUTH BATTLE-MONUMENT AT FREEHOLD.—OBJECTS OF INTEREST ON THE OLD BATTLEFIELD.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 202.



NEW YORK.—GOV. GROVER CLEVELAND RECEIVING THE ELECTION RETURNS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 4TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 203.

THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

STELLA cried behind her thick veil, as she walked rapidly away. She was thinking hard, too. She gave no second thought to the old man who had been taken for a ghost; she never guessed that it might have an interest for her. She was thinking of the warning Paul had given her about St. Aubyn. She was thinking of the day her brother came home with his broken leg, and of the kind, shy man who came with him. She was wondering what she would do with two certain letters she had written, if she had them safely back again from the girl who had been directed to mail them hours before. She was wondering whether St. Aubyn would get his in season to come to see her that evening; whether she would be quite as glad to see him as she had thought she would be; whether she would ever forget that she had given her love to a man who could do, when death had been near him, the selfish thing he had done.

She was thinking over again two letters that she knew almost by heart. She was wondering how much of the beautiful one was false and shallow, and whether any of the awkward one was other than manly and brave and honest.

She was wondering what her brother's friend would feel when he read her letter in Washington; would his fortune, that he had been so ingenious as to earn at one stroke, compensate for everything else, or would it seem worthless to him?

She was wondering—many things—she was examining her heart as she had never examined it before. How much would Jack have given to a poor, half-starved, ragged lad who had saved his life?

She raised her eyes from the sidewalk. There was St. Aubyn, not a dozen paces from her.

He recognized her, despite her veil, hesitated a moment, and turned down a side street instead of advancing to meet her.

"He has not received the letter yet," she said to herself, with a thrill of joy so fierce and sudden that it frightened her.

St. Aubyn's way happened to be her way. She had an errand down the street he had taken. It was all she had to do anywhere in that part of the city. She could scarcely afford the time to do what she had to do elsewhere, and then come back again.

Unwilling as she was, for many reasons, to have it appear as though she were following him, she took the same street, and kept about a half block behind him.

They walked thus for half a dozen blocks. Once or twice St. Aubyn turned his head, and she could see the puzzled look upon his face. But he was evidently well pleased, for all that.

A woman rushed out of a narrow alley, and laid her gaunt, gloveless hand on St. Aubyn's arm.

Her dress was coarse and dirty and ragged. Stella could see where her broken shoes and her torn stockings allowed her feet to touch the cruel ice and snow. She looked the embodiment of want and woe, the very spirit of starvation. Gustave Doré lacks one laurel he might have won could he have seen, and reproduced with his mighty pencil, this wild-eyed wreck of humanity.

She pressed a bit of paper into his hand, stood for a moment and feasted her hungry eyes on his face, then turned and fled down the alley from which she had come.

St. Aubyn read the message she had given him. Then he thrust it carelessly into the outer pocket of his overcoat.

"She's crazy at last, no doubt," he said to himself; "poor creature, I must look to my health again; I don't know what ails me this morning; I am almost sorry for her."

He stopped to look at something in a store window.

A boy whose youthful dexterity promised great things—in his peculiar line—in the future, removed St. Aubyn's handkerchief from his pocket, and the bit of paper fell to the ground unseen by any one but Stella.

St. Aubyn had stopped but a moment; he went on again.

"Sell and divide," said a couple of boys, who had witnessed the theft of the handkerchief.

"Correct. 'Honor among thieves,' you know," said the clever rascal. But if he meant what he said, why did he run away instead of following his victim and restoring what he had taken? It must be that he didn't know St. Aubyn very well. "Honor among thieves, indeed!"

Stella picked up the paper.

"I can give it to him when he calls," she said to herself; "perhaps it is a note of thanks from some poor person he has assisted."

She hoped it was. Her indignation was lessening already, regarding her lover's action at the fire. No doubt he was dazed, and did not know what he was doing. It would have taken but little to have redeemed St. Aubyn in her eyes just then, for she feared she had been terribly unjust to him.

Her idol was injured; it was to be some sixty seconds—sixty short seconds, such a wonderful thing is time—ere her eyes should be opened and she should know that she had worshiped an ideal which St. Aubyn had never filled; an ideal to which he could never approach. Her idol was going down in everlasting ruin.

St. Aubyn went home to find that some light-fingered child of sin had stolen his handkerchief, and to curse the work of his humbler fellow. Of the bit of paper he gave no second thought. There was a woman to whom he had promised love and protection "until death should them part." She

had hesitated at nothing in his behalf. She had sacrificed all that a woman could sacrifice, and all because of her undying love for him. She had written, in poor scrawl, but her best, the history of her sacrifice, her hopelessness and her desperation. She had wept hot, blinding tears over it. She had prayed over it. She had kissed the morsel of paper, because his hand would touch it. She had watched and waited for him; she had followed him. She had put this evidence of as grand and heroic devotion as humanity ever manifested in his own hand, partly because she must know that he had it, partly because her means were so small that she could spare nothing for envelope and postage.

And to Rupert St. Aubyn, this bit of paper was only a bit of paper!

Well, Stella picked it up.

It was a bit torn from an old and frayed and tear-blotted envelope. On the front the single word "Maggie" remained, (the right hand half of the envelope being gone) written in St. Aubyn's hand. On the back, these words, traced with a dull pencil:

"DEAR RUPERT—They said it would hurt you & I burnt the surtificate, you are free and maybe I won't live long but if you marry stella Burlan I'll haunt you. your loving wife MAGGIE."

CHAPTER XIII.—WATCHING AND WAITING.

CAN you think how Stella spent that evening? Do you know what it is to watch and wait for what you hope will never come? If you do, you know it all. If you do not, I fear it is beyond the power of writer's pen and printer's ink to make it quite clear and plain to you how Stella Burlan passed that evening.

There would be the sound of a carriage in the distance. Would he come in a carriage? It would come nearer and nearer. But at the street corner it would turn away, and be gone. Thank God! Another carriage; a carriage driven rapidly; a carriage with an eager, impatient occupant; a carriage which hurries. Does it turn at the street corner? No; it comes dashing to the street. It stops at her door. Her cheeks flush hotly. What shall she say to him? It is not for her to show shame; the disgrace and wickedness are all his. But her face is crimson; her heart beats until it seems as though veins and arteries will burst; what must she say? What can she say? But the driver has mistaken the house, that is all, and he drives on again. Thank God!

A footfall sounds far down the street. Will he come on foot after all? The man is slow. Has something whispered to him that his welcome will be other than he hopes? It will be easier for her if that is true. She sends up a fervent prayer that it is. But the lagging footsteps go slowly by. Thank God!

Silence in the street, utter silence. Not a footfall; not a hoof-beat; not a sound from a wheel. How terrible it is; how slowly time goes! The presence she dreads might give pain; the suspense is worse; it is slowly killing her, numbing heart and brain. Since he must come, since it is inevitable, since she must meet him face to face again, and tell him that she knows him as he is, at last; since she must live through the terror of this scene, since this cup cannot pass from her lip until she has drank shame and degradation to the very dregs, since all this is—would to Heaven he would come soon! She prays to have the agony done; she longs to have it all over with.

Another step in the street—a quick step, this time; a step with youth and hope and vigor in it; the very step he would come with; false-hearted triumph would almost lend him wings. Forgive the foolish prayer. Better an eternity of suspense than that he should come. If the step would only pass! Will it? It is almost opposite. It is here. She cannot breathe. Her hands are clasped as though in prayer. The step goes by. Thank God!

So for one hour, and another, and another, and another.

Then to bed to sink—after a long staring at the dense darkness—into a troubled sleep, broken by frightful dreams.

With morning to rise, saying: "It is but a promise; I am not his wife; I never will be!"

Through the day to dread the night; through the dark night to long for day again. This was the life that Stella led for ten long days.

We've seen St. Aubyn during one of his "nervous attacks." Have you any desire to watch him again? I confess I am growing weary of the recital of his infamies and his despicable weaknesses. Let us allow him to wander from parlor to library, from library to picture-gallery, from picture-gallery to bedroom, and so on in one ceaseless, weary round, unmarked by even the eye of writer and reader.

Let us permit him to shrink and swagger by turns; let us permit him to drink unlimited amounts of brandy; let us permit him to wonder one day, ponder the next, puzzle his brain during a third, and curse Stella Burlan after that more and more each day. Let him go unhindered from his couch to his breakfast. Let him open his letters with trembling fingers, watching with eager, bloodshot eyes for words he will never find. Let him tramp up and down the round of the rooms in his house by day. Let him creep away at night to cool his blood in the congenial atmosphere of a gambling hell. Let him go to his bed at some unrighteous hour of middle night, and tempt sleep to his throbbing brain by virtue of his faithful friend, hydrate of chloral.

Let him do all this, until wisdom has a word with him. Let him do it, until he knows that he has lost Stella Burlan for ever.

But let him do it unwatched and unrecorded. For a little time, let us have none of him.

One man scolded because he got no letter, that

first morning after Jack's arrival in Washington. Another went away with a very white face, with an open letter in his hand, because some stock in some railroad or other had gone up—or down—a few cents, and had ruined him. Another went away with a whiter face still, though he could have written his check for a million dollars and any bank would have esteemed it an honor to advance the money on it, and with a letter in his hand that he had not even a thought of opening; and there were tears in his eyes because a girlish hand which had traced the address, instead of the woman he had loved and cherished for two score years, and because a daughter had cried over the envelope, and because there was a black border, black and very broad, around the girlish writing.

An anxious-looking man crept up like a criminal, almost, to get his letter, and almost shouted for joy. Some stock, in something, had gone down—or up—and he, almost a beggar yesterday, was rich to-day. A man with eyes that looked as though they were strangers to either sleep or tears took his letter, and trotted like a fainting person to a chair to read it; and in a half minute the tears of joy were flowing down his cheeks in a flood, because the doctor said that his sick child would live.

Joy and sorrow are everywhere; in letter and message, and on the viewless breeze; wind and water and wires carry them both; we can escape neither, this side the grave.

But no one asked for his mail that morning with a more anxious face than Jack Truman had. And no one went away looking happier than he. For he went away empty-handed!

A week in Washington. Letters, sometimes; a loving line from Paul one day. But nothing from Stella. A week in Washington: a happy week; with hope growing every day.

Jack's business mission was a complete success. He had everything he wished now, except one; and it must be that her decision was not entirely against him if she could not say so within a week.

Jack came home again, home to Boston, and one of the first things he did after his return was to call on Paul. Stella was not at home when he made this visit. He was very glad of that. It would have been very awkward to have met her before he was certain what her answer would be, for he had fully determined to give her all the time he had promised, and to take nothing for granted. It would have been especially awkward if she had determined, from the very first, on the silence which meant success to him, and was waiting for the time of probation to go by as anxiously as he was. So he was very glad that she was away that morning, carrying good cheer into the homes of the poor and wretched.

There was a constraint between Jack and Paul, of course; a constraint that was intangible and shadowy, to be sure, but none the less real and none the less felt. Jack could not tell Paul, just yet, what he had done; and Paul could not tell his friend that he knew it all. So it was a genuine relief to both when Jack took his leave, and a cause for pleasure that business connected with his invention would take him to Lowell and Lawrence and other manufacturing towns, and keep him very busy for several days.

But you may be sure that a late train brought Jack to Boston every night, even though he lost some of his sleep and rest by late hours in the evening and early ones in the morning. He felt that he must see his mail every day; and he always looked first for a letter from the woman he loved; and always hailed its absence with a satisfaction which I fancy is rather unique in love affairs, in cases of long continued silence.

There came a day when there was no reason in waiting longer; a day when full allowance had been made for the time necessary for letters to go and to come; an allowance for slow trains and failures to connect; for all the sins of omission and commission on the part of the post-office authorities; for the shyness and coyness of a lovely maiden, as well as for all other reasonable virtues and vagaries of the female human heart.

There came a day, in fact, when further delay might mean that the one delaying was a "laggard in love." And Jack didn't mean to be that, I am sure.

Stella's horror of the coming meeting with St. Aubyn had lessened as time went on, for she had found room in her troubled mind for the hope that something had happened to prevent it. Perhaps he knew she had picked up the note which his wronged wife had written, and thought that utter silence on his part would be his best policy, or his only one. Would he return her letter, then—the letter in which she had written but little, but said, alas, so much? Or would he keep it, and would its existence be a dark shadow over her whole future life? Would he show it? Then her cheeks would crimson, and she would try to believe that he could never be so mean as that. Who would see it? His friends? Would they laugh over it? Would they sneer at the little glimpse of her heart that she had given to a wicked man—when she believed him perfect? Would he send it to Jack? This was always the climax. She would rise, then, and walk the floor with nervous, hasty steps.

Perhaps the letter had been delayed. Perhaps she would have to face those false and wicked eyes yet. Then she would throw herself into a chair and bury her face in her hands, almost mad with despair.

Possibly the letter was lost altogether. But that was far too good to be true.

What of Jack? Why, Jack had his letter, of course; a cold and cruel letter, she guessed, though she had tried to make it kind. It must be his letter had gone very promptly and very safely; had he not been to see Paul? Did he not come when she was away? Did he not go without leaving any message for her, not even so much as one kind little word?

She wished she had those two letters back

again. How sweet and beautiful life would be then. To change them, to modify them, to make the one to St. Aubyn more just and the one to Jack less cruel. No, never! Not that! To tear them into fragments and scatter the pieces in the hottest flames; to lock her desk, and put away her pen; to sit down and wait for the happy end.

Stella had found a very warm place in her heart for Jack during these days and nights of watching and waiting. She didn't quite know when it began. Perhaps she had cared a little for him all the time. Perhaps his was only the good fortune of being by when her fancied love for St. Aubyn died its death of violence, and her tortured heart cried out for a true man to take the place he had so unworthily filled.

When? Why? She didn't know; she couldn't decide; she didn't care. She only knew that she loved Jack. Yes, loved him. She said that to herself sometimes, now, in a very low and very frightened sort of whisper, when it was dark and still.

And now love was a revelation to her; the past had been doubt-haunted. Now she was right. Stella was too much a woman to doubt her own power. Her trouble lay St. Aubyn's way, rather than Jack's. She could win Jack back to her side, despite the letter she had written him, when her life should be free from its present incubus, and she have her eyes and words free to do the magic work of love.

Only—it is a world of "onlys"—only suppose St. Aubyn should show his letter to Jack? Only, suppose that some one should lie to Jack about her, with the cruel term "fortune-hunter," on his lips? Jack's fortune was much greater than St. Aubyn's now, she believed, but she cared nothing for that. She would despise him for marrying any one that he thought took him because of his money, and ill-natured people might say very ugly things if they chose. She would cry a little when she reached this point in the daily wrestle with her hopes and fears, notwithstanding the fact that tears should be a climax, and that she had one more "only" to trouble her.

Only, she had hurt Jack, and every blow on his heart seemed to have an echo on her own.

The night was very dark and very still.

Stella was watching and waiting, as she had done for many nights.

But it was her last weary vigil, though she did not know it.

Only a little way down the future there was love and rest and peace for her. Dear, stricken, girlish heart! The end of this great sorrow was coming fast.

There was a quick footstep far down the street. It came nearer and nearer through the evening's quiet. A moment on the steps; an instant at the door; no delay for so formal a thing as ringing the door-bell would be. Just a pause in the hall; the parlor door opens. The girl looks shyly up. Jack is standing in the doorway, his face as happy and strong and brave and true as love and love's guerdon can make it.

She cannot understand it all. She cannot guess the truth, just yet. She only knows that in some way—some blessed way—her letter had gone astray, and she does hope that St. Aubyn's went with it.

She comes down the long room to meet him, her face radiant.

In another moment Jack's strong arms are about her, and her head is on his breast.

"My darling! my darling! my own sweet Stella! is it true that I am the luckiest man in all the world? Is it true that you will be my loved little wife?"

And she answers him softly—a little brokenly, perhaps, but as well as she can through her own tears and Jack's kisses:

"I—I think so, Jack, if you want me very, very much!"

(To be continued.)

THE MONMOUTH BATTLE-GROUND.

THE footprints of Washington are everywhere in New Jersey, and the soil of that State is full of Revolutionary mementoes. Some of the remembrances of the heroic days are embodied in century-old houses, and some in nature's imperishable rocks, woods, hills, dells and waters; while others take substantial form in the impressive memorials reared by patriotic hands in our own day. Of these latter the noblest is the newly completed Monmouth Battle-Monument at Freehold. This work will be unveiled with notable ceremonies on Thursday, the 13th instant, the day following the publication of this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Monmouth County is in the heart of New Jersey, and Freehold is in the heart of Monmouth County. It is almost midway between Long Branch and Trenton. It is a pretty and prosperous town with two railroads running through it, and although set upon a gentle hill, it is well-nigh hid by the beautiful elms and maples which overarch its streets. The population is about 3,000. Freehold, or Monmouth Court House, as formerly it was called, was something of a place long before the war, and is quite one hundred and fifty years old.

On the rolling lands to the north and east of the town was fought, on the 28th of June, 1778, the splendid engagement which turned the tide of war in our favor and hastened the final triumph at Yorktown. Few battles of the Revolution are more famous than this one, in which Washington, Wayne and Lafayette figured as victorious leaders; in which Lee ended his erratic military career, and Molly Pitcher won her commission and epaulettes. The scene to-day, like so many of our old battle-grounds, presents a perfect picture of rural peace—an open, undulating country, with patches of woods, a few comfortable-looking old farmhouses, and here and there a towering and gloomy spruce pine, sighing in the breeze which seems ever to haunt these memorial hills. Three miles north of the town, a white, shingled church, with quaint cupola and vane, stands upon a knoll surrounded with graves, and guarded at the rear by two ancient oaks. This is the old Tennent Church, built in 1732. Tennent and Whitfield spoke inspired words from its lofty pulpit,

and upon its old-fashioned benches sat the yeoman patriots who now sleep under its shadow. Here, too, is the grave of Colonel Monckton, the British officer who fell at the head of a column of grenadiers. It is marked by a weather-beaten fragment of board, upon which scarcely a vestige of the inscription remains.

Midway between the old church and the town, a signboard by the roadside marks the spot where Lee, in his unfortunate retreat, was met, reprimanded and turned back by Washington. It was the great dramatic incident of the Battle of Monmouth; and Lafayette has left it upon record that this was the only occasion upon which he ever heard his revered commander swear. In the fields hereabout, the three or four hundred soldiers who fell before each other's guns or were stricken to death by the intense heat of that June day, lie in their lost trenches, unrecorded and unknown.

Five years ago the people of Monmouth County celebrated the centennial anniversary of the battle, and then the long-cherished project of the monument began to assume a practical shape. Entertainments were given, and individual subscriptions solicited, until \$10,000 was secured. The State Legislature then added to this a like amount, and finally the United States Government voted \$20,000, thus securing a fund of \$40,000, and giving a national interest to the scheme. The contract was given to Maurice J. Power, and to-day the completed monument stands, as it will stand for ages, a record of New Jersey patriotism at the beginning and at the end of the first century of the Republic.

The monument stands in an open park, a quarter of a mile north of the Town Hall. Rising to a height of a hundred feet, and gleaming like marble against the blue sky, it is seen as a conspicuous object from all directions. Our illustration conveys an idea of its graceful form and proportions. It stands upon a raised triangular esplanade fifty-two feet on each side. From this rises the base, of Quincy granite, also triangular in shape, and having corner-posts and spurs, with circular seats between.

Then come the pedestal and shaft, of lighter Concord granite. The latter has an elaborately carved capital, surmounted by a statue of "Victory," thirteen feet high, and of the same material. The most interesting feature of the monument is a series of five bas-reliefs in bronze, five feet high, and completely encircling the pedestal just below the foot of the shaft. These bas-reliefs, representing five scenes in the historic battle, are executed with remarkable spirit and pictorial fidelity. The first shows the Council of War at Hopewell; the second, Washington rallying the troops; the third, Colonel Ramsay defending his guns; the fourth, Molly Pitcher at the cannon; and the fifth, Wayne's charge. The shaft itself is encircled, a little above, by the shields of the thirteen original States in bronze, and linked together with garlands of bays. It is designed to have the three corner posts at the base of the monument surmounted with cannon, and an application has been made to the Secretary of War for three old pieces of captured ordnance for that purpose. If these cannot be obtained, it is probable that ornamental ones will be specially cast for the purpose.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND RECEIVING THE ELECTION RETURNS.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND voted in the City of Buffalo on Election Day, and then returned to Albany, where, attended by a few friends, he received the returns in the library of the Executive mansion during the night. Among those present were a number of ladies—including two of the Governor's sisters. As the reports came in indicating that he had carried some of the doubtful States, he was warmly congratulated by his friends, but he betrayed no excitement, and reminded his enthusiastic admirers that the result was not yet finally decided. When he retired towards daylight the result was still in doubt. Rising betime on Wednesday, he went at once to the Executive Chamber, where he met and consulted with his private secretary and a few trusted political and personal friends. The situation was looked over carefully and was regarded as satisfactory in the highest degree. After dinner he spent an hour in the main parlor of the Executive mansion, chatting pleasantly and good-naturedly with the members of his household. There was no trace of nervousness about him, and, indeed, he seemed to be remarkably unconcerned, while everywhere in the city were being witnessed scenes of wild excitement.

On Thursday, during the prevalence of the excitement over the closeness of the result, the Governor remained perfectly cool, but when it was finally declared that he was certainly elected by the vote of New York he could not restrain some evidences of elation.

The Democracy of the country celebrated their victory on Friday and succeeding days by demonstrations of wild and ungovernable enthusiasm. Mr. Blaine is reported to have carried himself with perfect coolness during the whole period of anxiety, which terminated in the announcement that he had apparently lost the State of New York. The Republican National Committee still insists, however, that he has a small plurality in that State.

THE HOCKING VALLEY MINING TROUBLES.

WE give, this week, another page of illustrations of scenes in the Hocking Valley (Ohio) mining region, where Labor and Capital are still in conflict. The pictures are from sketches made in the village of Buchtel, in the heart of the mining regions. Here the striking miners and their families have been driven from the cottages which they are too poor to own, while their places are taken by the imported "blacklegs." The evicted have encamped upon the hillsides, where their tents add to the warlike aspect of the scene. These frail habitations answered their purpose fairly well during the warm weather, but in the chilly and wet nights of Autumn they are not comfortable homes for women and children. Not infrequently the miner removes his own ragged coat to cover the couch of his little ones during the long night hours.

But without work, friends or money, how do these people live? Our illustration of the "Commissary Building" answers this question. They have the support of the growing brotherhood of labor. From other towns, other States, come the contributions of the trades unions and working-men's societies—small, perhaps, yet sufficient to supply the wants of the strikers from day to day, and encourage them to maintain their almost hopeless struggle.

A CHINESE PROCLAMATION.

AN officer of the United States ship-of-war *Trenton* sends us from Shanghai, China, a remarkable proclamation recently issued by the Government. The document shows in a striking way the official ideas of modern warfare among the Celestials: "P'eng, Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent, Imperial High Commissioner for the Defenses of Kuang-tung and President of the Board of War; Chang, President of the Board of War and Viceroy of the Liang Kuang; Chang, Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent, Imperial High Commissioner for the Defenses of Kuang-tung, and former Viceroy of the Liang Kuang; and Ni, Vice-President of the Board of War and Futai of Kuang-tung, do hereby issue this joint proclamation for the knowledge of the following people, to wit: To all the local inhabitants living along the coasts of the Northern and Southern seas; to fishermen, artisans and traders, and to Chinese living in Annam, Saigon, Singapore and Penang. You are to know that the French have unjustly attacked, injured and caused much harm to Chinese soil, so that even the inhabitants of Heaven are wroth at the deed. Should, therefore, there be persons loyal and just who wish to serve their country, let them prepare ships from abroad, and buy arms and ammunition to arm these ships; let them proceed to Annam, Fukien and Kuang-tung, and fight the French, so that the enemy may be attacked in front and rear. Or, pretending to join the French as soldiers, let them seek a convenient opportunity to burn the ships or ignite their gunpowder; or, under the guise of workmen and artisans, destroy their machinery; or, pretending to be pilots, lead the enemy's ships in shallow places from whence there is no return; or, by selling poisoned drink and food to them, kill them; or, by giving the enemy false news, lead them into an ambush; and lastly, by serving as spies and reporting their movements to the Chinese officials. Should the above be successful, then, after due investigation of the matter, the deserving persons shall be rewarded, and an extra reward shall be accorded to them by the Viceroy or Futai of the Province memorializing to the Throne on the subject, and requesting Imperial rewards to be bestowed on these persons. All expenses incurred by them shall be reimbursed by the officials. Should any person forming a band capture Saigon, Hanoi and Haiphong, the same will be invested with hereditary rank by the Throne. These rewards are promised by the above-named High Commissioners, Viceroy and Futai, and they will not break their word. A special proclamation."

INTELLIGENCE IN CATS.

A WRITER in *Nature* says: "In the town of Larn, there resides a gentleman who possesses a cat, which is so great a favorite that every day a plate and chair are placed for her beside her master, whose repast she shares with supreme content. One day for some reason the dinner was postponed, but the cat came at the usual hour. She was evidently much disconcerted at seeing nothing going on, walked once or twice disconsolately round the table, then disappeared. Shortly afterward she returned with a mouse, which she laid on her master's plate, then, going away, she came back a second time with a mouse, which she put on her own plate. She postponed further proceedings until her master's return, when she immediately began to purr and rub herself against his legs, as much as to say, 'See how nicely I have provided for you.' Between this town and the village of Hollywood there is a country house which happened to take fire last week. The cat of the house, which had access to the servant-maid's apartments, ran up and pawed the young woman's face. Being very drowsy, the girl turned to sleep afresh. The cat, however, after some interval, returned and proceeded to scratch the girl's face to such purpose that she rose, and, smelling the fire, wakened the other members of the household, and the flames were extinguished. A nephew of mine who is fond of cats generally keeps three or four, and by dint of pains and kindness teaches them a variety of tricks. I saw one or two of them sipping cream from a teaspoon, which it held between its two forepaws."

SOUTH CAROLINA MAIDENS AND WIDOWS.

In the records of the office of the Secretary of State of South Carolina is the following petition, bearing date 1733, addressed to the Governor, and signed by sixteen maidens:

"The humble petition of all the Maids whose Names are underwritten:

"Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy condition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captured by widows, and we are thereby neglected; in consequence of this our request is that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for, or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction of invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be levied on all bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men and have the vanity to position to us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and we hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray, etc."

SUFFERING FROM PINS AND NEEDLES.

A CURIOUS case of suffering from the presence of pins and needles in the body of a woman is just now engaging the attention of the medical authorities of the Erie County Almshouse at Buffalo. The name of the sufferer is Mary Seelye, of Sardinia, N. Y. One day last July Mrs. Seelye was standing in a doorway while a violent thunderstorm was raging. A flash of lightning prostrated her. It was over an hour before she recovered. A few days later she felt a pricking sensation in her left arm, accompanied by sharp pains. A physician was summoned who pinched up the flesh on the spot indicated and felt something hard, evidently metal. As the substance was near the surface, the doctor punctured the skin with a lance and drew out a piece of knitting needle an inch and a half long. It was corroded and rusty. Next day a similar pain was experienced in Mrs. Seelye's right arm. It was slightly more than the first, because, as the doctor discovered, the substance was further below the surface. Eventually he cut from the place half a hairpin of ordinary cheap metal. It was also corroded. From that time on every day or two bits of metal worked their way near the surface and were removed, until no less than forty-seven

pieces of needles, common brass pins, hairpins, etc., were taken out. They were mostly taken from the woman's arms. Mrs. Seelye asserts that she never swallowed needles or anything of the kind. Even if she had, the doctors claim that the articles could never have passed from the region of the digestive organs into her flesh without producing dangerous results.

ELK-HUNTING IN CEYLON.

THE finest sport in Ceylon is elk-hunting on the hills, which are five thousand to seven thousand feet above the sea-level. The hounds are a mixed pack, comprising four or five couple of English foxhounds, three couple of mixed breed and some "seizers," viz., a thoroughbred Scotch deerhound, a strong greyhound, perhaps a kangaroo-hound, and crosses of these breeds with mastiff and bloodhound. After an elk has been found the run is very fast, and it is generally impossible to keep near up with the hounds. Occasionally one of these is snapped up by a leopard lurking on the hillside. When at last the elk comes to bay, it is generally in a strong, flowing water-course, and the seizers then rush in, aided by the hunting-men, whose only weapon appears to be the knife, with which the quarry is stabbed as he faces his four-legged foe. The elk weighs sometimes as much as twenty-eight stone clear, and is a pleasant reward for a run which lasts usually two hours or more.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

BOSTON has 2,400 music teachers.
A TEXAS man has a flock of 1,000 goats.
ALABAMA's coal fields, as yet practically untouched, are half as large as those of England.
It is estimated that an average of 1,500 thimbles are swallowed annually by the babies of the United States.
ABOUT 100 Christian Chinese women have been married to Christian Chinese in the mission chapel at San Francisco.
THERE are twenty American girls studying at the University of Zurich. They are admitted upon equal terms with the male students.
ENGLAND sends 10,000,000 barrels of rum every year to Madagascar. America sends missionaries, and between the two the natives are able to enjoy themselves very comfortably.
THE average life of a railway car is ten years, and as there are about 500,000 cars in this country, the construction of 50,000 cars annually is necessary to keep up the supply.
FOR \$25,000 somebody has bought the Government property at Harper's Ferry, including some of the buildings in which were acted a few of the scenes of the John Brown raid.
THE Turkish bath has recently come into rather extensive use for curing the ailments of horses; and a few private stables, as well as several belonging to corporations, are now fitted with complete horse-baths.
It is announced from London that negotiations are in progress between the different Atlantic steamship companies with a view of arriving at an agreement to raise the passenger tariff between Europe and America.

An eccentric character has just bequeathed the French Academy of Fine Arts a sum of money to be devoted to an annual prize of 2,000 francs, which will fall to the painter who has taken the lowest position in the competition for the Prix de Rome.

The eminent botanist De Candolle gave the age of an elm at 335 years. The ages of some palms have been set down at from 600 to 700 years; that of an olive-tree at 700 years, of a plane-tree at 720, of a cedar at 800 years, of an oak at 1,500, of a yew at 2,880, of a taxodium at 4,000, and of a baobab-tree at 5,000.

A RETURNED traveler says: "I enjoyed genuine pumpkin-pie at one or two missionary tables in Japan and China, and other American delicacies (served without an ocean of crockery) at the hospitable boards of some of our representatives in Syria. Oatmeal, griddle-cakes, hot biscuits, genuine pies and custards are unknown out of America, save in a few London and Paris restaurants, where they are sometimes counterfeited, without the success that might be desired."

ENGINEER ANSON C. FISHER, of Utica, and M. Collard, of Albany, have a record to be proud of in their handling of locomotive No. 567, on the New York Central Road. It is run by a double crew that alternates every other day in drawing the first Atlantic express east and the accommodation (No. 39) west between Syracuse and Albany—300 miles daily—148 miles each way and four miles in yards getting to and from the trains. Within nineteen months Engineers Fisher and Collard have traveled on No. 567 over the Central tracks a distance equal to over five and three-fifths times around the globe without the company being called upon to pay out a cent for repairs.

The parcel-post introduced by the present English Government has proved such a failure that in nearly all the towns around Liverpool the commodious conveyances which were constructed by private enterprise for the purpose of distributing the parcels have been discarded in order to reduce expenditures; and the work is relegated to the messengers, many of whom, owing to their inability to carry ponderous bundles when delivering their letters, have to return to the central offices after walking several miles and recommence their journey in order to deliver the parcels. The carriers receive nothing for this extra labor, neither is there any prospect of their doing so.

THE British mercantile marine is composed of some 21,500 vessels, including 3,650 steamers, with an aggregate measurement of about 9,200,000 tons, while that of France consists of about 2,900 vessels, including 700 steamers, with an aggregate measurement of 1,055,000 tons. The number of steam vessels of war, including transports, dispatch boats, etc., which are available for the protection of the respective merchant navies are 337 vessels, with 2,058 guns, for that of England, and 317 vessels, with 1,680 guns, for that of France. It will thus be seen that, whereas the French mercantile marine is protected in the ratio of one ship of war to nine merchantmen, no less than sixty merchantmen are allotted to the care of each British war vessel. In order to place the British merchant navy on an equal footing with that of France as regards man-of-war protection, it would be necessary to add 2,053 vessels to the royal navy.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GOSSIP says that Mrs. Garfield will be married within a year.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS had \$5,000 in bonds stolen by burglars, recently. She must have left the "Gates Ajar."

It is said that the health of King Leopold of Belgium is much shaken by mental anxiety arising from the present political crisis.

AMONG the Democrats elected to the next Congress from New York city is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, editor and proprietor of the *World*.

MRS JULIA WARD HOWE wants American female authors to send their photographs as well as their books to the New Orleans Exposition.

MR. GABRIEL HARRISON has rewritten his life of John Howard Payne, and it is a singular fact that more copies have been ordered from England than in the United States.

MR. FRED GRANT, the papers say, hopes to make a frugal living by selling roses this Winter to New York florists from the greenhouses in Morristown, N. J., which he erected when he thought he was rich.

MADAME PATTI was much grieved, upon her arrival in New York last week, to hear of the death of Brignoli. He and Patti sang at Patti's first appearance in New York in 1859, and they sang in London and Paris together.

THE father of General Custer lives in Michigan. He is described as being of very venerable appearance, with long white beard and hair. He is seventy-eight years old, and may be often seen driving a horse that his gallant son rode in the Black Hills.

MR. W. M. SINGERLEY, the millionaire proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record*, has a mania for houses. He has already built 250 in the northwestern part of Philadelphia, and intends to build 750 more. The 1,000 will be worth on an average about \$6,000 each.

THE friends of the late tenor, Pasqualino Brignoli, have formed a committee to raise money for the purchase of a plot in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York city, where his body is to be interred. They will also endeavor to erect a suitable monument to his memory.

THE Czar of Russia writes to the Governor of Eastern Siberia that he considers it "blamable and almost criminal" that nothing has been done to improve the condition of the inhabitants there. But, being an autocrat, why does he not do something, instead of talking?

DANIEL GILDERSLEEVE, aged eighty-six years, died while about to deposit his ballot at a Brooklyn polling-place on Election Day. The aged voter had been in feeble health for some time, and when his son tried to dissuade him from going to the polls he said: "I will go, my boy; it will likely be my last vote."

MR. EREN E. REXFORD, author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and for several years a contributor to FRANK LESLIE'S, intends to issue his first considerable volume of verses next year. Lately, he has written the words for a collection of songs for church use, from Gounod and other celebrated composers, to be published by a New Yorker; at present he has in hand a blank-verse story to appear in a proposed Western magazine.

THE Mudir of Dongola, England's only friend in the Soudan, is a slight, delicate man, with a pale, pensive face, lighted up by two large black, luminous eyes, which seem to be always looking into space, and from between which projects a preternaturally large nose hooked like a vulture's beak. The effect of his extreme piety on the Mussulman population is very marked, and has enabled him to maintain himself in power almost within arm's reach of the Mahdi.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR voted on Election Day at his usual polling-place in New York city. His appearance at the polls was greeted by hearty cheers. He looked very well, and was dressed in a dark-gray suit and Fall overcoat. The district polls 410 votes, of which all but 60 had been received. In answer to the man at the ballot-box, he said that he resided at 123 Lexington Avenue, and that his name was Chester A. Arthur. He voted the Republican ticket for all but Assembly, which he omitted.

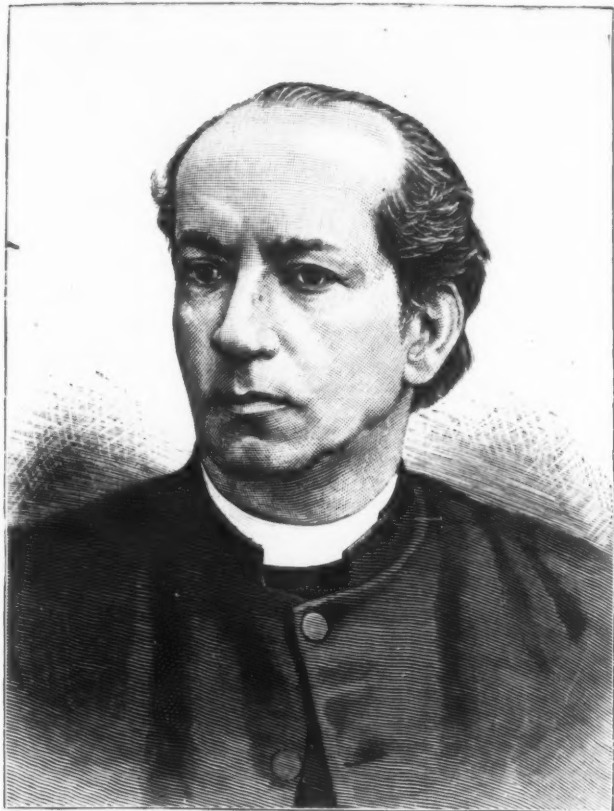
MME. SARAH BERNHARDT has had some difficulties with the Belgian Custom House officials at the frontier, according to the Brussels journals. When she was returning to Paris from The Hague she was asked to alight at the Belgian frontier so that the compartment she was riding in might be searched. The companion with whom she traveled resented the liberty taken by an officer in opening the door of the carriage. The chief officer came to the rescue of his subaltern, and was grossly insulted. He ordered the compartment to be detached from the train, and had not an explanation been given the tragédienne and her companion would have been compelled to remain at Eschen. The station-master intervened, and through his influence the travelers were allowed to proceed on their journey, while the wayward Sarah, to show her gratitude, as the train moved out of the station, put her head out of the window, and, putting her fingers to her nose, played an imaginary flute, to the sublime disgust of the railway officials.

THE lately published memoirs of General E. D. Keyes cover a period of fifty years, and are full of interesting and amusing reminiscences. General Keyes has no hesitation in calling Grant the greatest soldier of our War, and the second place he assigns to Lee. Of Jefferson Davis he entertains quite a different opinion, declaring him obstinate, selfish and heartless. General Scott is the subject of many diverting anecdotes. Of all creatures of the air, earth, or water, the one he loved best was the Maryland terrapin. "On one occasion, in Washington," says the author, "while dining with a company of eight, all lovers of good cheer, I offered to bet a dinner of the best, for the company, that if we should invite the General to dine with us at any time within a month, and have terrapin prepared by his favorite cook, that he would during the dinner say and do the following things in manner following: He would, while leaning his left elbow on the table, having some of the terrapin on his fork, held raised about six inches above his plate, exclaim: 'This is the best food vouchsafed by Providence to man!' and then carry it immediately to his mouth. The other thing he would do, or I would lose the wager, was, that leaning on the table in manner aforesaid, he would pour wine from one glass into another. No man took my bet."



OHIO.—THE MINING TROUBLES IN HOCKING VALLEY.—TENT LIFE OF THE STRIKING MINERS.
THE DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 203.



RIGHT REV. WILLIAM PARET, D.D., P. E. BISHOP OF MARYLAND.
PHOTO. BY BELL.

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM PARET, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF MARYLAND.

THE contest in the Protestant Episcopal Convention of Maryland as to which of the learned and able divines should succeed the late lamented Bishop Pinkney was decided, on the 31st ultimo, by the election of the Rev. William Paret, D.D., rector of Epiphany Church, Washington, D. C. The election gives universal satisfaction to both the laity and clergy.

The Rev. William Paret was born in New York city in 1826, and is therefore fifty-eight years of age. His grandparents on the father's side were French Huguenots, but his parents were both natives of New York. He is a graduate of Hobart College, Geneva, in this State. He was ordained a deacon there in 1852, and his first charge was the parish of Clyde, N. Y., in the same year. He removed to Pierrepont Manor, N. Y., two years later, where he

labored for ten years, and then accepted a call to East Saginaw, Mich., in 1864. In 1866 he removed to Elmira, N. Y., and after officiating there for two years he accepted a call to a large parish in Williamsport, Pa., where he became Dean of the Convocation. In 1876 he accepted a call to the vacant rectorship of Epiphany Church, Washington, D. C., the parish formerly presided over by the Rev. Dr. Charles Hall, now of Brooklyn, and more recently ministered to by the Rev. Wilber F. Watkins, of the Rev. Dr. Tyng's church, of New York city. When Dr. Paret took charge of Epiphany Church it was in debt over \$95,000, and had less than 500 communicants. In an administration of something over eight years the debt has been reduced to \$1,500, and the communicant roll increased to 1,200 persons. In 1876 there was but one meagerly-attended Sunday-school; now there are three flourishing Sabbath-schools. The Epiphany Chapel and Mission House has also been established in South Washington, so that Dr. Paret has proved himself an efficient worker in the vineyard of His Master.

Dr. Paret has deservedly won golden opinions by his clear expositions, and a faculty of reaching all classes of his hearers. His executive ability is of an unusually high order. He is a hard student, rising regularly every morning at six o'clock to engage in his studies and work. He is an old-fashioned churchman, and his practice is to live up to the Prayer-book without any tending to Ritualism. His consecration will not take place for two months yet, and until that time he will officiate in his present parish. He gives up a salary of \$6,000 for one of \$5,000.

THE VACCINATION BUREAU.

THE virus farm or bureau which supplies the matter to vaccinate all New York and a good portion of the surrounding country has recently been transferred by the New York Board of Health from Cos Cob to 302 Mott Street, in this city. The calves used for inoculation purposes

are kept on the top floor of the building, to which they are conveyed by means of a platform elevator car. Near the pen where the calves are confined are benches made of stout planks and furnished with strong leather straps, by which the calf is buckled to the wall, with its hind legs wide apart, while a physician inoculates it with the virus—vaccinates it, in fact—and when the subject is ripe robs it of the matter, which is then rubbed upon goosequills and so preserved. Each block is large enough for two calves at the time.

The calves, which must be strong and healthy, are purchased at the stockyards or from anybody who has calves to sell, and having produced one crop of virus, are sold for what they will bring. The department needs always from half a dozen to twice that number of calves to keep up the supply of virus, which quickly deteriorates and becomes useless. Each calf remains in the possession of the Health Department about three weeks. Our

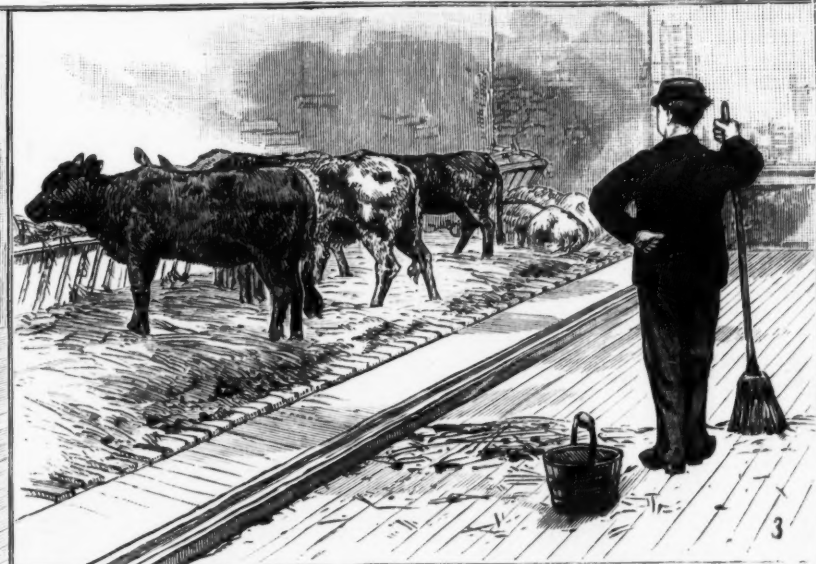
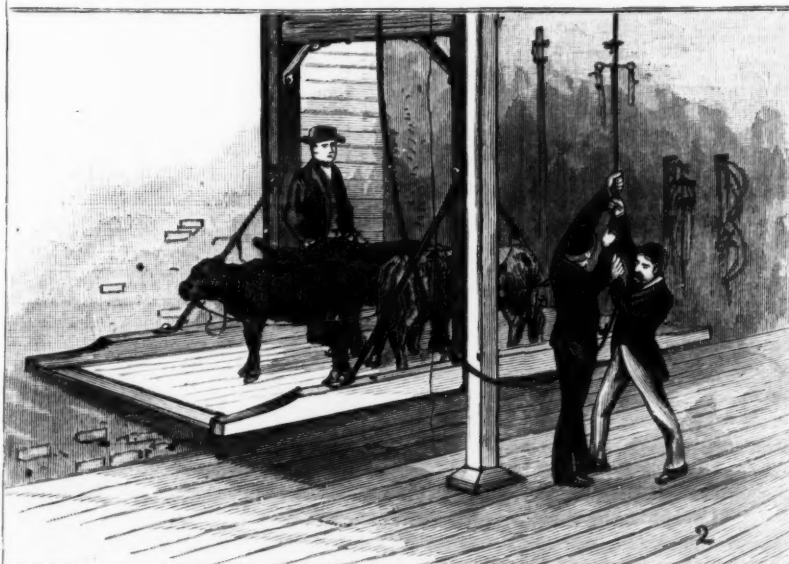
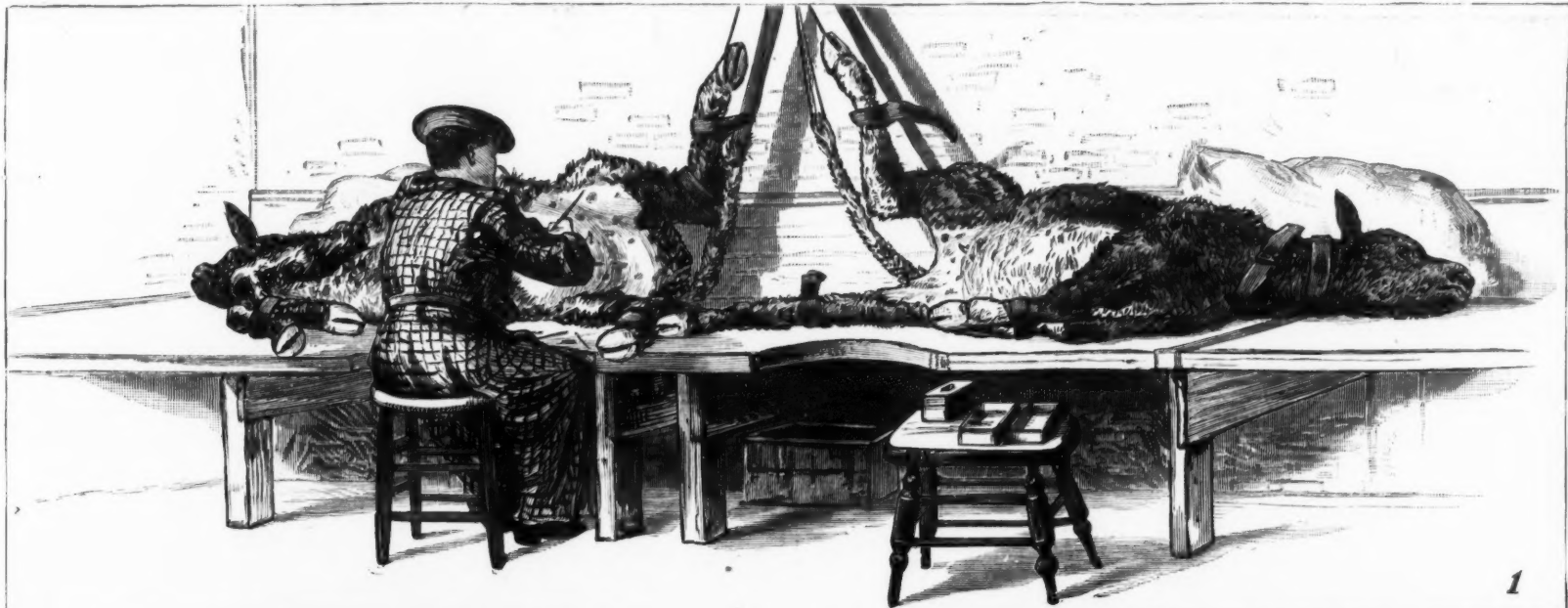


NEW YORK CITY.—WILLIAM R. GRACE, MAYOR-ELECT.
PHOTO. BY O'NEIL.

illustrations depict the method of vaccination, with other features of interest.

WILLIAM R. GRACE,
MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK.

MR. WILLIAM R. GRACE, who was last week for the second time elected Mayor of New York, is a representative New York merchant, and has been for years actively identified with political, philanthropic and religious affairs. He is a native of Ireland and about fifty-four years of age. Upon quitting Ireland he spent some years in South America, engaged in the banking, shipping and commission business. In 1865 he settled in New York city, where he established a banking-house, with a branch in San Francisco. In 1880 he was elected Mayor as the candidate of Tammany and Irving Hall, and during his incumbency of the office discharged its



1. EXTRACTING THE VIRUS. 2. THE ELEVATOR. 3. THE STABLE.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE VIRUS "FARM" OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH, NO. 302 MOTT STREET—METHOD OF INOCULATING CALVES.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

responsibilities with efficiency and fidelity. He was elected on the 4th instant as the candidate of the County Democracy and Citizens by a majority of a little over 10,000.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

The following table shows the division of the Electoral College, Cleveland having 219 votes, or 18 more than a majority, and Blaine 182:

CLEVELAND.	States.	Votes.	BLAINE.	States.	Votes.
Alabama	10	California	9	Alabama	9
Arkansas	7	Colorado	3	Arkansas	3
Connecticut	6	Illinois	22	Connecticut	22
Delaware	3	Iowa	13	Delaware	13
Florida	4	Kansas	6	Florida	6
Georgia	12	Maine	6	Georgia	6
Indiana	13	Massachusetts	14	Indiana	14
Kentucky	13	Michigan	13	Kentucky	13
Louisiana	8	Minnesota	7	Louisiana	7
Maryland	8	Nebraska	5	Maryland	5
Mississippi	9	Nevada	3	Mississippi	3
Missouri	10	New Hampshire	4	Missouri	4
New Jersey	9	Ohio	23	New Jersey	23
New York	36	Oregon	3	New York	3
North Carolina	11	Pennsylvania	30	North Carolina	30
South Carolina	9	Rhode Island	4	South Carolina	4
Tennessee	12	Vermont	4	Tennessee	4
Texas	13	Wisconsin	11	Texas	11
Virginia	12			Virginia	
West Virginia	6	Total	182	West Virginia	
Total	219				

The aggregate plurality for Cleveland in the Democratic States is 407,558, and that for Blaine in the Republican States is 286,500.

DOCTORS IN THE WEST.

The following statistics from the Chicago Tribune indicate that the West is even more overcrowded than the East:

Population.	Doctors.	One to
Illinois	3,077,871	5,890
Indiana	1,978,301	4,393
Iowa	1,624,615	3,635
Kansas	936,096	1,964
Michigan	1,636,937	2,924
Minnesota	780,773	914
Nebraska	452,402	807
Nevada	62,266	134
Wisconsin	1,315,497	1,549
Dakota	135,177	212
Montana	39,159	17
Idaho	32,610	51
Wyoming	20,789	30
Colorado	194,327	570
Missouri	2,168,380	4,450
Total	14,515,300	27,709

"Go West, young man!" does not seem to be judicious advice to give to a medical graduate.

WHAT ARE TRUFFLES?

The importation of truffles to this country is on the increase. They are looked upon as a great luxury in Europe, and it is strange that they are not more used here.

They are a fungous growth, similar to the mushroom, and are found generally in soil impregnated with lime, and always in the neighborhood of oak or beech trees. They are found under the ground, at a distance varying from an inch to a foot, and are supposed to be a parasite living in their early stage upon the roots of trees. They are oblong or spherical, and vary from the size of an English walnut to that of a large potato. Quite frequently they weigh two pounds. Some are of a dull white color, but the black or brown truffle has the finest flavor and brings the best price. Their surface is rough and covered with excrescences resembling warts, and judging from the exterior they would not be selected as an article of food. Internally they resemble a dark-colored marble and are different from other known forms of fungi.

But little is known about their propagation and growth. The reproductive portion is found in minute sacs, which contain a number of spores, and are thickly scattered through the numberless small veins that traverse the mass in every direction. In growing they are not attached to any other body, and lie loosely imbedded in the earth.

They are found in the greatest profusion in Southern France, and these are also of the best quality. They also grow in some parts of England, Germany, Italy, Australia and Africa. A German who has raised them at home says: "I have never heard of any being discovered in this country. My experience here, where I have endeavored to transplant them, as well as in Germany, where I spent many years in futile efforts to cultivate them artificially, has led me to approve the common opinion of truffle-hunters, that a truffle is the most contrary thing in the world. When forced or coaxed, not one will appear; and frequently a field will be unexpectedly filled. No one knows where they come from. I have taken a small truffle out of the ground, filled up the hole, and the next day taken a larger one from exactly the same spot. Removing this second one, I have taken a third and still larger one from the same spot. Then for five days not a sign of a truffle could be seen. On the sixth day a small truffle would be found in exactly the same spot, and the others would be found as before. They would alternately appear and disappear in this manner for about three months, and then finally disappear altogether. At times they grow so quickly as to awaken astonishment, and again will increase in size with the slowness of a century plant.

"The odor of the truffle is aromatic, peculiar to itself, and will speedily penetrate every room in a house. It produces nausea in some people, and in others a sense of light-headedness.

"In England and Germany dogs are trained to find them, generally poodles or spitz-dogs. A truffle is given to one of these dogs to play with, and then is taken into a field and planted in sight of the dog. When feeding-time comes, the dog is taken to where the truffle is buried, and he is given to understand that his getting food depends upon finding the truffle. Some dogs are remarkably apt, and will gather the idea in a few trials, while others will never comprehend your meaning. As soon as they are trained they are turned loose in a truffle-bed, and will move rapidly around with noses close to the ground until they scent the peculiar truffle odor. They will then begin to scratch up the soil, and care must be

taken to stop them or they will tear the truffle to pieces. A good dog, however, will stop scratching as soon as the truffle comes in view. Sometimes they are buried so deeply that the dogs cannot reach them. They will then lie down by the hole and patiently wait for help. In the southern part of France and Italy sows, which are passionately fond of truffles, take the place of dogs, and search for them as an article of food. Hunters follow the sows around and gather the truffles as soon as the sows begin to root.

THE WESTERN UNION'S HIT.

The Elmira, (N. Y.) office of the Western Union Telegraph Company made a decided hit in its manner of issuing election bulletins Tuesday night. Bulletins were ordered for several places and about one dozen copies of every election dispatch were produced. Six of the copies were made by Charles E. Lantry, and were printed on a type-writer. The success of the undertaking was most flattering. Mr. Lantry received compliments from Postmaster Berry, Colonel Caldwell, Lieutenant governor Hill and others for the neat bulletins provided. With the ordinary styles it is almost impossible to make more than three or four good copies, yet Mr. Lantry made six printed pages at a time. The machine used was the Remington.—New York Tribune, Nov. 8th, 1884.

FUN.

FARMERS wishing to be successful with sheep should guard them against exposure. But if, in sheltering his sheep, the farmer exposes himself and catches cold, he must use Dr. RELL'S CURE SYRUP.

A FRENCH authority states that carrots give horses new blood, which seems to restore them, and they may be justly claimed as the regenerator of worn-out horses. Maud S. must be about eighteen karats fine.

FISTS as tight as a clam's shell: "Is your chum a close student?" wrote a father to his son in college. "You bet he is, father," was the reply. "You couldn't borrow a V of him if you were in the last stages of starvation."

ABANDONED CASES.

A COMPARATIVELY large number of the cases which DR. STARKEY & PALEN, of 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, are so successfully treating with their new Vitalizing remedy, are what are known as abandoned or "desperate" cases—many of them a class which no physician of any school would undertake to cure. They are, in fact, such as have run the gamut of experiment within the regular schools of medicine, and of quackery without, until between diseases and drugs the patient is reduced to the saddest and most deplorable condition, and one for which relief seems impossible. No treatment can be subjected to a severer test than is offered by these cases. The marvel is that DR. STARKEY & PALEN can effect a cure in so many instances. If you need the help of such a treatment, write for information in regard to its nature and action, and it will be promptly sent.

BEFORE offering to ring the street-car bell for a lady about getting off look closely at her right hand. If she wears a diamond ring and you pull the strap she will be your enemy for life.

From the Corporal.

From the Marine Barracks, Pensacola, Florida, Corporal Ben Barger writes of the benefits of Brown's Iron Bitters in that malarious region. He says: "I have used several bottles, and must say I am greatly benefited by using it. Several of my comrades use Brown's Iron Bitters, and you may rest assured they all think it is the greatest thing on earth." This kind of testimony comes from all quarters concerning Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic.

"I am falling into your ways," she remarked, as she stood in front of him in the ballroom. "Very true, madam," he replied, as he started on a thirty feet journey around her train.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

CLEARs out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

THE "POULTRY KEEPER," published at Chicago, Ill., has achieved a wonderful success. In a little over six months its circulation has increased to thirty thousand actual subscribers. It is the paper for those interested in profitable pursuit of poultry raising. Read their advertisement in this issue.

A HOMELY GIRL.

Was met by us a few weeks ago. Her complexion was as rough as the skin of a rhinoceros, and as mottled as sausage-meat, her eyes dull and heavy, and her lips every color but red. Recently we saw the same young lady, but how different! Her complexion is as clear and delicate as porcelain, her lips twin cherries, her eyes bright as dewdrops. Yet all this difference lies in a rectified condition of the blood, to accomplish which she used Dr. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY."

MOTHERS.

If you are failing; broken, worn-out and nervous, use "WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER." \$1. Druggists.

FROM PARIS TO VIENNA ON A BICYCLE.

I CARRIED with me, among my scanty baggage, a small supply of Coca, an Indian tonic, by which I was able to assuage the sudden and painful hunger which sometimes accompanies continued exertion. When fatigue and sleep began to tell upon me, the marvelous Coca again supported me and gave me strength. M. LAUMAILLE.
Who rode a bicycle from Paris to Vienna, a distance of 700 miles, in a little more than twelve days.

The unequalled tonic and reinvigorating powers of the Coca are embodied in LIENI CO.'S celebrated COCA BEEF TONIC, recognized as the standard tonic by the medical profession of every civilized country. Cures dyspepsia, malaria, biliousness, and debility.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Trachea, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

Best genuine French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water Pepper or Smart-Weed, and Jamaica Ginger, with Camphor Essence, as combined in Dr. PIERCE'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SMART-WEED, are the best possible remedies for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody flux, or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

A GOOD THING.

DR. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

MORE BARGAINS IN CLOAKS

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Having just completed the purchase of almost the entire stock of several manufacturers of Cloaks at lower prices than have been reached for years, we have placed the same in lots and will dispose of them at a slight advance on cost. These goods are conceded by experienced judges to be the best bargains of the season.

	Our Price.	Real Value.
Silk Seal Plush Sacques	\$14.90	\$25.00
Seal Plush Sacques	17.88	30.00
Real Silk Plush Sacques	39.87	45.00
Fur lined Circulars	10.90	18.00
All Wool Diagonal Dolmans	3.59	6.50
	5.59	10.50
Colored Dolmans	3.69	10.00
All Wool Russian Circulars	8.49	12.00
All Wool Newmarkets	5.59	9.50
Extra Imported Newmarkets	7.88	12.50
Black Jersey Jackets	6.88	12.50
Broadened Silk Dolmans	14.90	17.50
All Wool—Beaver Shawls	1.49	3.00
All Wool Beaver Shawls	2.38	4.50
Silk Brocade Wraps	9.90	13.50
Infants' Robes	39	1.00

HANNIGAN & BOUILLON,

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FIRST DRYGOODS STORE FROM BOWERY.

DR. PIERCE'S "PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS" please practicing physicians, patients, and the people at large. Dr. J. A. Miller, in a communication sent to us from his home in San Leandro, Cal., thus speaks of them: "I have employed Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alternative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them." These are well-chosen and expressive words. The "Pellets" merit all encomiums showered upon them, however. Sugar-coated, inclosed in glass vials and well preserved. By druggists.

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhoea; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THIN PEOPLE.

"WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER" restores health and vigor; cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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PALPITATION, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

ASK FOR WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAGE BELT and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all druggists.

"BUCHU-PAIRA."

QUICK, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. \$1. Druggists.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

MARY CUNIFF'S FAITH REWARDED.

MARY CUNIFF, an Irish girl, with Mr. Edward Hopper, No. 1206 Spruce St., has enviable fortune. A hard-working domestic, she has \$15,000. She communicated to a reporter that months ago she heard of THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY, and decided on an investment. Her belief in its strictly honest principles were not shaken when she drew a blank for four times subsequent, nor did she fail to invest monthly, by mail, \$1 with M. A. Dauphin, Washington, D. C. She has just been notified that the ticket, one-fifth of which she holds—No. 70,464—has drawn the \$75,000 prize.—Philadelphia (Pa.) News, Sept. 26.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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BE SURE you buy no goods without you see PLAINLY PRINTED on the SELVAGE THE LETTER G for the quarter of a yard and THE LETTER M for the three-quarters of a yard. You will then get a lining that for Toughness, Firmness and Fineness is Positively Unequaled.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Proprs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

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Constant bargains in Watches, Diamonds, Jewellery and Silverware, at one-half original cost.

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Only when the lips display pretty teeth. The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

Which hardens and invigorates the gums, purifies and perfumes the breath, beautifies and preserves the teeth from youth to old age.

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Paris-made Costumes, Suits, Dinner and Evening Toilets, Reception Dresses, and a very fine assortment of their own manufacture from the most fashionable materials. Opera Wraps, Cloaks, Paletots, Ulsters, Jackets, etc.

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